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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Liberal or Illiberal

MR. HANSEN of the *World* has asked Mr. Collins of the *Bookman* to come off his perch on Sinai, where he went to acquire humanism, and produce the Tablets of the Law. Mr. Collins went up in a shower of words and words have showered down behind him, but Mr. Hansen wants more than words, he asks for a Sign that he knows what it is all about. It is a vain request. Mr. Collins is like an Irish boy in a street fight. On a dull day he saw a row beginning, he took off his coat and sailed in, he has immensely enjoyed himself, he has hit nearly every one's nose at least once, including back handers at his own side; as the others cool he grows hotter, but what it all began with, beyond the "You're a liar" which started the scrap, has apparently not too deeply concerned him. It was enough that someone called Professor Babbitt names; it was enough that it is fun to punch Professor Dewey in the ribs with a pun ("foggy, foggy Dewey"), and knock the stuffing out of science with an adjective for blackjack. It reminds one of the good old days when the pack was set upon Wilson, or further back, the ragings of rusty, fusty Christopher.

We are in, apparently, for an age of shillelagh invective, as a part of the reaction toward violence which has followed the war, and though a true humanism must deplore such fantastic methods of settling disputes which have the conduct of life as their theme, it is not to be expected that the partisans of an ethical philosophy will be wiser than those advocates of Christian humility who so often in the past have smitten the unbelievers with the jawbones of asses.

We shall enjoy the fireworks, but as the grown-up small boys we all are, not as the philosophers we wish to be. We shall enjoy the show but expect no satisfactory curtain. The man who seeks light rather than heat is not at ease in such a Zion. Poor fellow, he is always at a disadvantage in a quarrel, and if justice and truth suffer with him, that is cold comfort, for they go on seeking while he has only one lifetime. Even his fair mindedness is against him, for he recognizes the value of occasional exaggeration, and sees that some people can only learn by a blow that knocks their wind out.

And yet he is incurably possessed of the illusion upon which civilization is built, that wisdom is better than force, preferring it to that other illusion, that formulas for right living are clubs with which to knock down your neighbors. He gets knocked down at regular intervals himself by mighty opposites who bang him on the head in the attempt to get at each other; but he gets up again wearily, he will always get up.

No one loves the neutral, although the violent have a way of coming quietly around afterwards, even to neutrals, to say, of course you were right. But he is not a neutral. He lacks passion in invective and conviction in dogmatism precisely because his inner life is all afire with an unquenchable desire to do something with life as it is. When belligerent idealists abuse each other, he listens, hoping to hear some word which will explain the growing cynicism of those who are not idealists. He does not care what Mr. Collins thinks of Mr. Dewey, or what Mr. Dewey, if he has had time, thinks of Mr. Collins; but he is curious to know what Mr. Collins, when he calms down, will have to contribute to living in a machine age, and he has followed Mr. Dewey's patient researches with admiration, if not always with agreement, knowing that all honest and constructive thinking has meat in it for the human race.

But most of all the liberal-minded man turns to art and science for his illuminations, for art makes and science does, and neither, when at their best, is much concerned with squabbling.

Pastorale

By CLARA SHANAFELT

I HAD forgotten that hills could be like this,
I had forgotten the vastness and the stillness,
These slow appeasing rhythms made visible,
Swung in space—lento,
Like the slow movement of a symphony
Arrested in a long cæsura;
The colors of autumn melted, fused together,
Held as in the prism of an opal.

I had forgotten the high upland pastures,
Elegantly constrained
By the handsome and strict geometry of their stone walls,
Smooth as park glades—
The earth's supple sensuous contours
Naked among her glorious jewels;
The bright separate flames of the trees,
Crisp cones and pyramids of shocking color—
Vermillion, magenta, amber, wine, gold—
The black stains of the evergreens blotted against them;
The ragged gray of the torn granite;
The far pellucid amethyst horizons.

Rarely the sweet lyrical phrases of cow-bells
Seep like springs from fissures in the air—
An old pastoral music long forgotten;
The roads are deserted, the landscape empty else.
You smell the breath of the north—
Pungent, resinous, cold—
Passing the rocky virgin grottoes, ravines
Lit with their ancient candlelight of gold
Maple and birch, flaring among the hemlock and spruce,
Their shadows.
Ferns green in imperishable elegance
Lift above hot drifts.

O why were we divided, our hearts, our flesh,
Our hard intractable minds cleft asunder
On such a day, in such a place. . . .
I burnt by the fire to madness and you like rock?

This Week

"Modern Universities."
Reviewed by JOHN H. MACCRACKEN.

"Northcliffe."
Reviewed by J. W. T. MASON.

"Rudolph and Amina."
Reviewed by ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY.

"A River Goes with Heaven."
Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL.

"Seven Days' Darkness."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"The Giant of the Western World."
Reviewed by ALFRED ZIMMERN.

"By Way of Cape Horn."
Reviewed by CAPTAIN DAVID BONE.

John Mistletoe, XVIII.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week

Christmas Book Number.

The Modern Leviathan*

Reviewed by CARL BECKER

MOST books on government and history are well enough in their way, but I too often feel that almost anyone, with intelligence and industry, might have written them. They remind me of cold potatoes and vinegar, which as a boy I used to eat "between meals" when nothing better offered. Nourishing enough they were, but nothing about them to arouse interest in the cook. The books of Charles A. Beard are not like that. What their author contributes is far more interesting than the cold sliced facts they contain. They contain cold facts enough, heaven knows; but the facts are gathered there, not on their own account, but in elucidation of some central idea which the author wishes to present. I may not cotton to the idea; but there it is, something to think about, and always worth thinking about whether I agree with it or not.

"The American Leviathan," which certainly gives one enough to think about, is perhaps the best book Mr. Beard has yet written. Its subject is the American Federal Government. Its substance is a thoroughly realistic description of the way that government actually functions. The central idea which coördinates this factual description is the sharp contrast between government as presented in legal fiction and government as actually conducted by living men. The book is a systematic exposition of the forces that have operated, and the devices that have been employed, to stretch and twist and manhandle an eighteenth century constitution in order to adapt it to the complicated society created by the industrial and technological revolution of our time.

* * *

After pointing out the importance of modern technology in enhancing the difficulties of government, the authors present the central theme in general terms in the second chapter, which deals with the Constitution. The fiction is that the Constitution, a written document prepared by the fathers, sets definite limits to the powers of the Federal Government, and that the Supreme Court keeps the government within these limits by annuling laws that are "contrary to the Constitution." But the terms of the Constitution, not being always self-evident, have to be "interpreted" by the Court. What are the tests employed by the Court for determining the meaning of the Constitution? One test is the "intention of the framers." Unfortunately there were many framers, and their intentions were not always recorded, or else the intentions of some of the framers were different from the intentions of others. By this test the Constitution means what the judges of the Supreme Court guess the framers intended it to mean. Another test frequently used is "logic"—the terms of the Constitution being so and so, it logically follows that, etc. But logic is a treacherous guide at best. In one notable case logic led four judges to one conclusion, four others to a diametrically opposite conclusion, and the ninth judge to one of these conclusions until he changed his mind. In this case the logic of the constitution depended on the unstable mind of one judge. In short, as Mr. Beard so conclusively shows, the "interpretation" of the Constitution has no other significance than this: at any time the Constitution means what any five out of nine judges, taking all the circumstances into account and God helping them, think it wise or expedient that it should mean.

The theory that the Constitution is a written document is a legal fiction. The idea that it can be understood by a

* THE AMERICAN LEVIATHAN. By CHARLES A. and WILLIAM BEARD. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1930. $5.

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study of its language and the history of its past development is equally mythical. It is what the Government and the people who count in public affairs recognize and respect as such, what they think it is. More than this. It is not merely what it has been, or what it is today. It is always becoming something else, and those who criticize it and the acts done under it, as well as those who praise, help to make it what it will be tomorrow.

The remaining chapters, dealing in turn with the various departments or special activities of the Federal Government, develop this theme in detail. A few examples must suffice. The fiction is that Congress makes the laws, the President executes them. The fact is that the President often determines legislative policy, the Congress often nullifies executive action. The fiction is that treaties can be made only by the President with the approval of the Senate. The fact is that the President can, and sometimes does, make "secret executive agreements" with foreign governments that are in effect binding. The fiction is that the Federal Government can do nothing not authorized by the Constitution. The fact is, to take one example only, that although the Constitution nowhere authorizes the Federal Government to do anything for the promotion of health and morals, the Federal government does annually spend under these heads far more money than the entire Federal budget of Washington's first administration. The fiction is that the President is elected by a college of electors whose procedure is as deliberate and decorous at that of a board of trustees in electing a college president. The fact is that the election of a president is largely determined in self-constituted national nominating conventions which, for blare and blarney and bluster, for passion and pandemonium, reduce a World Series to the familiar measure of a church festival on the village green. Of course it is well known that the Constitution has in some respects been ignored and in others "liberally interpreted." I knew it myself; but until I read "The American Leviathan" I never quite realized that "liberal interpretation" is scarcely more than a euphemism, a verbal cloak charitably thrown over the naked fact that the Federal Government does somehow manage, under the pressure of social forces, to do whatever seems necessary or highly desirable.

* * *

It is in developing this theme that Mr. Beard gives us that thoroughly realistic description of the operation of the Federal Government, which is one of the chief merits of the book. Perhaps an even greater merit is that it disposes us to think more realistically about government in general. Long established tradition has accustomed us to think of government as something, not ourselves, that makes, or should make, for righteousness. We are apt to think of government as something "up there," over the heads of men, exercising in its own right "authority" over us, and exacting "obedience" from us, in virtue of some transcendent capacity to shape our ends rough hew them how we may. This paternalistic notion is no doubt largely a survival from medieval Christian philosophy which conceived of Church and State as exercising, each in its own sphere, the delegated authority of God the father over his helpless and erring children. Having wrested authority from God and kings, men transferred it to the State which they invested with the quality of sovereignty.

Within my own memory political philosophers were still occupied with the problem of defining and locating sovereignty. In the United States a band of heretics maintained that the One Only Supreme and Irresistible Essence was divided—a logical absurdity to be surmounted only by the mystic doctrine of Trinity in Unity. This engaging occupation of "putting salt on the tail of sovereignty," as Reed Powell once defined it, has now been abandoned by most political philosophers: but politicians and people are still dominated, in their political thinking, by the abstract notions of Authority, Obedience, Duty. This is one of the unnoted reasons why so many people insist that the Volstead Act, even after it has been trampled in the dust and for ten years mirthfully kicked about, is being enforced, can be enforced, must be enforced. Otherwise the majesty of the One Only Sovereign Power would be impaired.

In other realms of thought and activity, human relations are regarded more sensibly—in terms of process, function, adjustment. Thus, to take a most vulgar example, when a director has produced, at great expense and travail of spirit, a picture which the movie fans ignore, he does not swell up with "righteous indignation" and shout "disloyalty," "lack of respect for Art," and so on. He says, "The thing's a flop. What the devil do the people want anyway!" Mr. Beard invites us to think of government in this realistic way, to regard it as a device fashioned by men for the purpose of effecting workable social adjustments. Instead of trying to locate sovereignty, he describes the way in which Roosevelt exerted power by gladhanding and outwitting congressmen.

This is all to the good. We might carry it a little farther. Regarding government as a device for effecting social adjustments, there is still the fiction that such adjustments are effected as the result of a disinterested "policy" formulated at the behest of the Will of the People. This sometimes happens no doubt. But in the normal course governments, that is to say politicians, act under the pressure of individuals or groups intent on advancing their special interests. Such pressure we call "corrupt." "Almost all of us," says Walter Lippmann in a recent article, "feel that Tammany, for example, is a kind of disease which has affected the body politic. . . . We feel that it is not supposed to be there, and that if only we had a little more courage or sense or something we could cut away the diseased tissue and live happily ever after." The implications of this idea Mr. Lippmann thinks false. He prefers to think of Tammany and such like organizations as a species of "natural government" upon which our artificial constitutions have been superimposed. Very true. Such organizations may be a disease, but if so they are chronic—they have become, as it were, acquired characteristics.

Tammany is in fact no more corrupt than the Republican or the Democratic party machine. They all function in the same way and for the same purposes. They may not be provided for in the Constitution, but they are provided for in the nature of man. They are at all events a normal part of the mechanism of government, as normal as the House of Representatives. It may be "wrong" for interested groups to seek and obtain favors from government, but there it is; they do and always have done. In the eighteenth century there was government of the people, by the king, for the nobles and the rich. In the twentieth century there is government of the people, by the politicians, for whatever groups are strong enough to get what they want. The selfish propensities of men remain constant, as Lord Bryce says; it is only the channels through which these selfish propensities flow that change.

The reverse side of this fiction is that all loyal citizens, since they all derive the same benefits from government, take an active and intelligent interest in politics. The fact is that some citizens derive much greater benefits from government than others, and consequently take a far more lively and a far more intelligent interest in it. Many big business men retain high-priced attorneys to keep them inside the law; many bootleggers retain low-priced enforcement agents to keep them outside of it. Such citizens take an intelligent interest in politics because they are constantly in need of those social adjustments which can be effected only through the aid of government or by sidestepping its restraining hand. But there are many millions of loyal and intelligent citizens whose real concern with government is limited to paying taxes in return for reasonable protection to life and property. Their occupations are such that they neither need the special aid of government nor fear its intervention. I am one of these. Yet I am told that it is my duty to read daily all the news that's fit to print so that I may vote intelligently.

* * *

Well, I do read the *Times*, not every day but now and then. And I do vote, usually. But intelligently? That's a large order. In forty years I have voted eight times for a president of the United States. In each case, unless I wished to "throw away my vote," I had to choose between two candidates. To make a choice was not difficult, but to make an intelligent choice was impossible, since both candidates stood for the same things—progress and prosperity, higher wages and higher profits but lower taxes, the preservation of the inherent rights of the individual and at the same time the maintenance of equal opportunity for all. So I usually flipped a penny and voted. I am unfortunately one of those who have no special interests to be attended to. Twice only, in forty years, I made what seemed at the time an intelligent choice. The first occasion was in 1896, when I helped to save the country (I was young then) by voting for "sound" money. The second was many years later, in 1920 I think, when Debs was running. It seemed to me that the position of Debs was distinctly different from that of any of the others. Therefore I voted for Debs, not because he was a Socialist, but because he was in jail. If one of the others had been in jail I should have had the same difficulty in making a choice that I usually have when all are free. But that was an exceptional case. Such opportunities to vote intelligently are unfortunately rare.

In all seriousness, looking back over this forty years after all the hurrah and hokum is past, I ask what difference it could have made to me which party won. Obviously it was of vital importance to many people that the Republicans should have the offices, to many others that the Democrats should have them. But to me, and to millions of others, it really made no difference at all.

I don't mean to say that government is of no importance. Government is undoubtedly the most important of all the associations of men that compete and bargain for power. But the elections did not decide whether there should be government or no government; they decided only whether the government should be directed by the Democratic or the Republican political machine. Our property, our lives, and our sacred honor would be as safe under one as under the other. The President, whether Democrat or Republican, would make false prophecies, and promises which he could not keep. Congress would in any case enact many statutes, some of which would be obviously necessary, some designed to solve the "agricultural problem" by lowering the tariff on commodities rarely imported, others to raise the standard of living for American labor by bolstering the cost of the things laboring men buy. Mr. Wilson could not keep us out of war; Mr. Hughes would not have tried to. Maybe the Democrats wouldn't have busted the trusts or bludgeoned their way through the Isthmus of Panama. Maybe the Republicans wouldn't have established the Federal Reserve System. But this much is certain: that marvelous and unanticipated development of technology which so largely shapes the external conditions of life, which saves us so much time and leaves us so little leisure, which so greatly increases the wealth produced and the number of men seeking jobs in vain, which so multiplies our opportunities and diversifies our interests and dulls our enthusiasms—this development would neither have been accelerated nor retarded nor diverted by a hair's breadth even if the Democrats had always won, even if the Republicans had never lost.

* * *

The government is in fact not the omniscient power we like to think. If we expected less of it we should the less often be disappointed. Presidents would not need to make such ridiculous promises, pessimistic radicals would not need to so mournfully wail, or helpful liberals so often venture to say that they had never been altogether convinced. With the best will in the world government can do little to change the character or the working of the complex social mechanism. It can't do much because it is not outside the mechanism, repairing and rebuilding it as a mechanic repairs or rebuilds a motor car. It is itself a part of the machine, intermeshed through and through it, conditioned by the very forces it professes to master and to direct. The real Leviathan is not government, but society—this amazing and vital and arresting and formidable phenomenon we call American civilization. What can we do with it? Very little since we too are a part of it. It carries us along whether we will or not. We must accept it, as Margaret Fuller accepted the universe. We may accept it with fragile optimism, or with futile pessimism, with indifference or resignation or rebellion: no matter, it carries us along we know not whither. We can at best play our part, perform our function, cultivate our gardens. Some there will always be whose gardens are in the vicinity of Capitol Hill. Well, it's an indifferent soil, but there's plenty of manure. Something may grow even there.

Franz Werfel, the Austrian playwright and novelist, dealt with religious ideas in his drama, "Saint Paul among the Jews," and his latest novel, "Barbara or Piousness." He has now finished a new religious play, "Reich Gottes in Böhmen" ("God's Realm in Bohemia"), which will be produced by the Burgtheater at the end of November. Although historical in plot, the drama is remarkable for its modern spirit. The action is laid in the last years of the Hussite war (1420-36) and shows the downfall of the Communist system built up in that period by the "Taborites."

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Flexner at the Tavern

MODERN UNIVERSITIES: European and American. By ABRAHAM FLEXNER. New York: Oxford University Press. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN H. MACCRACKEN
Former President, Lafayette College

A GREAT subject to be covered in three hundred and fifty pages were this the systematic treatise we might be led to expect by the title and the name and reputation of the distinguished author. This book is, however, no Rashdall, no Paulsen, no standard text on an all-important subject. Change the title to "University Foibles, 1930 Edition," and you will not be bewildered when you enter and find not a scientific lecture but an up-to-the-minute "Revue." Not that a revue is not interesting, not that the mirrors which it holds up to nature are not well polished, not that it is not full of fun and full of exposure, but you must come in the proper mood. For in this volume Dr. Flexner in the brief interval of freedom between the harness of a foundation, and that of a prospective University presidency, takes his fling. His interlude between yesterday and tomorrow he spends with Omar in the tavern.

> And this I know: whether the one True Light
> Kindle to Love, or wrath consume me quite,
> One flash of It within the Tavern caught
> Better than in the Temple lost outright.

But the only alternative was not between Tavern and Temple, devout reverence and ribald scorn. There might have been the scholar's mood of Ben Ezra's tent:

> So still within this life
> Though lifted o'er its strife
> Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last
> This rage was right in the main
> That acquiescence vain
> The future I may face, now I have proved the Past.

The author begins with Omar, "assuming the impossible and indeed the undesirable, suppose we could smash our existing universities to bits, suppose we could remake them to conform to our hearts' desire, what sort of institution would we set up?" A fair question, but cannot we answer it, without first setting out to smash our existing universities if not to bits, at least as far as we can?

In the spirit of a thorough-going Platonist, untouched by inductive historical methods, by methods of modern scientific analysis and comparison, by evolutionary explanations of organic growth, by century long debates between realists and nominalists, or even by William James's sceptical attitude toward "inherent" essence, the first thing is to discover "The Idea," the "flash of the True Light," of which existing universities are but poor, imperfect copies; to conceive the university in its essence, in its purity free from the warping and disfiguring excrescences of time, place, or other mundane necessities.

The first tenth of the book is given to this search, not very successfully. To forestall any suspicion that "The Idea" was "made in Germany," that he has mistaken the picture he saw in Berlin for the original of which Berlin and Paris are but copies, the author concedes that universities should differ in different countries; that a university in a democracy ought not to be the same as a university in a monarchy, that it should in some sense reflect the civilization of which it is an expression. In the effort to protect himself against the possible charge that his Idea of a University is old-fashioned and that what he objects to in existing universities he objects to because it is new, rather than because it is not university, he turns aside from his main pursuit to enter on a quite unnecessary argument, that a university if it is a modern university will seek to elucidate the current problems of the social sciences as well as those of the natural sciences,—unnecessary, because as he himself states later in his work, "the vigor with which the movement in the social sciences has swept on and the extent to which it has gone (in America) cannot—I am assured by foreign authorities—be quite matched in any other country."

The attempt to formulate the True Idea of a University meets with better success, when the author, in somewhat chastened mood after smiting the American high school, the American college, Columbia, Chicago, Cornell, Wisconsin, Harvard, Vassar, and Yale, hip and thigh with a great slaughter through thirty-three scenes of the "revue," wonders whether after all the name university is worth fighting for, and whether he had not better be content with some such title for his ideal as school, or institute of higher learning.

Then he draws with sharp and definite lines a wonderfully attractive picture not of "the university" but of "Abraham Flexner's ideal university," "still within this life, though lifted o'er its strife."

> A school or institute of higher learning, a university in the post-graduate sense of the word, should be a free society of scholars. Administration should be slight and inexpensive. Scholars and scientists should participate in its government, the president should come down from his pedestal. The term organization should be banned. The institution should be open to persons competent and cultivated who do not need and would abhor spoon-feeding be they college graduates or not. It should furnish simple surroundings—books, laboratories, and above all tranquillity, absence of distraction either by worldly concerns or by parental responsibility for an immature student body. Provision should be made for the amenities of life in the institution and in the private life of the staff. It need not be complete or symmetrical; if a chair could not be admirably filled, it should be left vacant. There exists in America no university in this sense [would Mr. Brookings agree?]—no institution, no seat of learning devoted to higher teaching and research. The ablest scholars and scientists would be *attracted to its faculty, the most earnest students would* be attracted to its laboratories and seminaries. It would be small, but its propulsive power would be momentous, out of all proportion to its size.

THE CAMPANILE, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA
From a wood cut by Betty Lark.

The persuasiveness of the picture needs no argument. Dr. Flexner will find that if that is the way he likes to think of a university others like to think so of it too.

The book concludes with two delightful chapters, one on English and one on German universities, which incidentally bring the reader up to date on post-war changes in higher education in the two countries, but which are introduced primarily, we suspect, for the same reason father sometimes introduces Big Brother Tom or Little Sister Sue into the painful conversation attendant on chastisement, to deepen the shame and stimulate the ambition of the culprit.

The book says some things that needed to be said *and which required courage for the saying.* It weakens its effect by saying too much. It comes dangerously near doing what Burke says cannot be done, indicting an entire nation. It is full of nuggets of wisdom. It will furnish endless discussion for university circles and sophisticated enjoyment for the few. As a study of the functions of universities in a democracy it is too narrow to be sound. It unites high ideals with illogical conclusions. It may be misused by the reactionary as an authoritative weapon to blight and bind for a time democracy's greatest hope.

Taken in the irresponsible mood of the revue its laughter will help to clear the educational air and the general effect be wholesome.

William Butler Yeats's latest play, "The Words Upon the Window Pane," was produced for the first time on any stage at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, recently. It is a slight play based on the love story of Dean Swift and Vanessa. The action takes place at a spiritualist séance at which hostile influences have been at work. From the dramatic viewpoint the play is not very interesting, but Yeats displays splendid craft and his treatment of the séance is something new.

A Genius of Fleet Street

NORTHCLIFFE: AN INTIMATE BIOGRAPHY. By HAMILTON FYFE. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1930. $4.

Reviewed by J. W. T. MASON
N. Y. Correspondent, London *Daily Express*

MR. FYFE has written an interesting journalistic sketch of the greatest genius Fleet Street has produced in the modern age of democracy. It is not a profound study of Northcliffe's character and perhaps was not meant to be. For many years, Mr. Fyfe was closely associated with his Chief and knew him intimately. He has drawn on his fund of personal knowledge for many engaging incidents in Northcliffe's career and occasionally some that suggest the fundamental character of the man. The volume will be deservedly popular not only among journalists but in the wider circle of those who like biography told in up-to-date fashion with plenty of anecdotes and much sprightly narrative. It will serve, too, for considerable basic material when some future author is inspired to analyze the creative power and unique journalistic sense of originality which Northcliffe displayed up to the time he took to diplomacy and politics and waded beyond his depth.

Mr. Fyfe tells his story in the present tense, which for the first hundred and fifty pages assists the author's vivid style and contributes to rapidity of action. After that, it becomes somewhat tedious. Or, perhaps it is because the remaining two hundred pages are used mostly to describe other than the journalistic side of Northcliffe; for take Northcliffe away from journalism and what remains is of secondary interest. He was the born journalist, burying himself in his work with the intensity of Edison in electrical phenomena; and separated from journalism he was out of balance with the world. Mr. Fyfe says:

> To say that Northcliffe was ever popular in England, as he was in America, would be untrue. He never entirely conquered in his own country the prejudice stirred up against him in his early days by disparagers of the New Journalism. In the United States he was better understood and therefore better liked. He was cast in a mould with which Americans are familiar. His personality was made known to them by their newspapers. His pithy sayings and amusing comments were printed from end to end of the continent. He thus became a prominent public character, which he never was in England, not even during the war.

Mr. Fyfe, however, does not perceive the reason for the difference between the American and the British attitudes toward Northcliffe. He was not a prominent public character at home, says Mr. Fyfe, since:

> he did not seek prominence. He was always something of a mystery. He came of a stock, the British middle class, which shrinks from publicity; he never entirely got over that shrinking, himself. He was sensitive also to intellectual and moral atmosphere. If he were sure of being among people who understood and admired him, as Americans did, he became sure of himself, he expanded.

But, no man in Great Britain was more sure of himself than Northcliffe, during the years he was creating his newspaper properties. No man could have done what he did without being sure of himself. The essential reason why Northcliffe was understood more intuitively in America than in his own country was because in the United States, originality, creative action, the accomplishment of the new is far more encouraged than in Great Britain. Among the British, he who wishes to develop an entirely new idea must consider the way of doing, as well as the accomplished result. There is more of the esthetic in the British temperament than in the American. In the United States, the end is what counts, the accomplished result is the measure. Northcliffe in that respect was more American than British.

Too, there was in Northcliffe a direct spontaneity of desire. He was disciplined not in ways of restraint as much as in ways of persistence. Mr. Fyfe persistently refers to Northcliffe's "boyish" character; and says he cannot be understood without taking this into consideration. But, what is looked upon as "boyish" and naive, in a civilization where ways of doing play so considerable a part in life, becomes spontaneous action when the result is given precedence over the way. Americans are regarded in Europe as "boyish" for the same reason that the British use that name in describing Northcliffe. The spirit of intense action, of desire to get things done quickly, which led Northcliffe so largely to success, is certainly the spirit of exuberant youth in compari-

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son with the cautious hesitancies of age. But, to try to make "boyishness" one of the basic factors in studying Northcliffe's character is to misunderstand the fundamental value of spontaneity in creative development.

Northcliffe was a creator. He created one of the most difficult products of the age, an entirely new style of journalism. Before his time, British newspapers were repellent, unattractive, the type used primarily to fill space with stodgy accounts of domestic and world events, which few read. Journalists were underpaid and were largely hacks. Northcliffe changed all that. He raised salaries, got better minds into Fleet Street, and gave information in readable form which spread enlightenment among millions.

It was customary in England to scoff at him because his first success was with a weekly magazine, *Answers*, which gave commonplace information and simple stories in ways that caused the educated to shake their heads deprecatingly at the mass mind. The mass mind however, has not only its rights, but, according to Professor Franz Boas, is more trustworthy than the intellectualistic classes, in furthering human ideals, for intellectualism is too dependent on tradition. Northcliffe, like all successful creators, did not scorn tradition, but he understood how to associate tradition with progress; and when he went first into the evening newspaper field and later into the morning newspaper field, purchasing the *Evening News* and then founding the *Daily Mail*, he outrivaled the traditional and unprogressive papers by sheer skill in journalistic competition. Once the Northcliffe idea of popular journalism started, meaning journalism to be read and not simply purchased and ignored, the so-called respectable sheets began to go under. Scarcely one now remains as a profitable property in London. The successful London papers are the ones that learned from Northcliffe or began with the new tide of democracy that by some intuitive understanding, Northcliffe was the first to appreciate in Fleet Street.

He was generous with his men, commending good work and giving frequent rewards. He would have bulletins posted in the reporters' room, announcing his criticisms and his praise. If an employee were overworked, Northcliffe would send him for a holiday, telling him to draw on the cashier for what he wanted. When W. J. Evans retired as editor of the *Evening News*, Mr. Fyfe tells us Northcliffe gave him an "emolument" of $50,000 and an annual pension of $12,500. He appreciated the work of those under him, thereby encouraging effort. The reports that circulated through Fleet Street about Northcliffe squeezing men's brains and then letting them go, Mr. Fyfe denies.

* * *

Northcliffe, though a rich man, did not care for money. His habits, Mr. Fyfe, says, were never extravagant, and he did not interest himself in the financial side of his newspapers. To his brother Harold Harmsworth (now Lord Rothermere), Mr. Fyfe gives the credit for the right financial direction of the Northcliffe properties. Northcliffe so disliked bothering with finance that he would not consent for a considerable time to increasing the advertising space in his newspapers.

But, it must be said, that by 1920, Northcliffe had begun to show peculiarities which eventually unbalanced his mentality, completely. Mr. Fyfe's chapter about Northcliffe's eccentricities during the closing years of his life when he was mentally failing, is among the most interesting in the book. It is a sad story, but one that no biographer, having first hand material, as Mr. Fyfe possesses, should conceal. Mr. Fyfe says:

> "*Northcliffe is growing mad.*" This was the rumour which began to circulate soon after his return from the world tour (1922). Not mad in the usual sense of the term. His brain was affected by the mysterious malady of which he had shown symptoms since his return from the United States towards the close of 1917. Symptoms slight at first, scarcely noticeable save by those who saw him every day. Symptoms growing each year more grave.

Mr. Fyfe retells the story of Northcliffe's attack against Lord Kitchener, growing out of the shell shortage at the British front, and devotes many pages to Northcliffe's affrays with the politicians. "He had no liking for politicians," Mr. Fyfe says. "It was because he understood them that he disliked them." That may be true, but disliking them, Northcliffe could do little with them. Had he disliked the readers of his newspapers, he would never have been a successful journalist. Yet, says Mr. Fyfe, in 1917, after Northcliffe's return from America:

> There are men in the Cabinet—some of its prominent members—who think he ought to be there. There is talk of his being asked to take the highest office of all.

But, he refused even the Air Ministry, which Lloyd George offered him. It was well he did so. His genius was not of that kind. He was neither politician nor diplomat. He was a journalist, always. A journalist of astonishing competence but his abilities, so wholly given to this one pursuit, could not be switched at will.

He was affectionate and lovable, always lenient in his judgments when leniency could be justified; flaring up at times, but cooling off; willing to admit mistakes, despite his posings, which Mr. Fyfe suggests were done for effect. He did not fear to have his own subordinates spend money when they traveled, realizing that as the representatives of the Northcliffe papers, there was value in appearances.

Such a man, dealing in princely fashion with his employees, must have been naturally kindly and coöperative. He did not like to be argued down however, nor did he care to have anyone become too conspicuous. He doubtless realized he was the leader and believed the success of his papers had to center about himself. That is, perhaps, the major defect in Northcliffe's journalistic character. He did not tolerate great abilities in association with his own. He had to direct and inspire everything himself. He could coöperate, when he had the final word, but not otherwise. He encountered his failures by this trait. One of them, the establishment of the *Mirror* as a woman's paper, he retrieved by changing it to a picture tabloid. But, his *Weeky Dispatch* always gave him trouble; and he could never find himself in the *Times* when that great paper fell to him by purchase, only to pass out of the family control after his death. Mr. Fyfe relates some lively anecdotes about the *Mirror*—of which he was editor for several years—and Northcliffe's difficulties and irritations when he got the *Times*. They all are interesting and amusing.

The volume ought to be one of the best selling biographies of the season. It gives intimate peeps behind the Fleet Street scenes that are faithful to fact, and if the part about Northcliffe the journalist is far more interesting than the parts about Northcliffe the diplomat and political amateur, that reflects the truth of Northcliffe's astonishing personality.

"Friend to Liberty"

"THAT DEVIL WILKES." By RAYMOND POSTGATE. New York: Vanguard Press. 1930. $4.
A LIFE OF JOHN WILKES. By O. A. SHERRARD. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1930. $4.

Reviewed by FREDERICK W. HILLES
Yale University

THE biographer of such a man as John Wilkes has at first sight a relatively simple task. Whatever one may think of the subject, it is not dull. In an age when wit was at a premium Wilkes surpassed all others in repartee, and when his letters or speeches are not witty they are invariably spirited. Outlawed by a powerful oligarchy, he achieved such popularity that "God save the King" was drowned in cries of "Wilkes and Liberty." Hero of numerous amorous adventures, author of the infamous "Essay on Woman," one of the merry monks of Medmenham Abbey, he succeeded in shocking an age not easily shocked. His daring, his cleverness, his alarming and disarming frankness help to make him the most fascinating as he is the most notorious of eighteenth century politicians. His life lends itself admirably to biography.

Simple as it may seem, such a task is not only arduous but perplexing. At one moment he is the devil his sovereign considered him to be; at another he seems to be a statesman and reformer of the highest type. Loyalty to him or personal animosity against him make the numerous anecdotes concerning him untrustworthy; his own speeches may be the expression of sincere and high-minded ideals or "good theatre"; the derogatory remarks that emanate from the opposition may be obvious lies or the smoke that reveals a fire. What is the biographer to do? His dilemma is none the less when we consider the sources that must be examined. Some twenty-five volumes of MSS. in the British Museum, others in the Guildhall, and countless letters in private collections must be read in connection with the standard biographies, histories, and economic studies of the period. Wading through this mass of source material, the writer may well lose his sense of perspective (or humor) and produce a heavy, unreadable study smelling of the library. In his effort to avoid this he may err on the other side, presenting us with the superficial, novelized type of book that has become so common.

It would be unfair to apply either of these statements to the two lives which have recently appeared. Mr. Posgate's sympathy with the long struggle of the working classes for independence makes whatever he has to say of Wilkes and the Wilkites significant. Beginning his work "in the usual belief that Wilkes was an amusing but entirely dishonest man," he becomes convinced of his subject's political honesty and succeeds in making this as convincing to the reader. He speaks not as the scribes but as one having authority. The descriptive bibliography included is a model for all scholars, and the book is made the more valuable to students of eighteenth century history by the full references given to sources. If the book has flaws they may be summed up under the heading "lack of polish." The style is sometimes heavy-footed, and many of the footnotes seem superfluous. A somewhat unskilful attempt to blend Wilkes and the age in which he lived is most noticeable in the second chapter, which is devoted to "the tedious account of the intrigues of brother against brother-in-law," a history of the politics of the day. Such an account has a place in the life of Wilkes, but an abler writer would have introduced it more subtly. Mr. Postgate has presented us with a well-documented narrative from which arises a clear picture of John Wilkes, "Friend to Liberty," but his book is by no means an artistic whole.

Mr. Sherrard has a different conception of what biography should be. The author of a life of Lady Hamilton, he is unmistakably of the school of Mr. Strachey. His materials he has selected and arranged with skill, and his book is as amusing and brilliant as was its amazing hero. Like Mr. Strachey he is masterly in the analysis of his subject's actions. Like Mr. Strachey he enjoys the use of metaphor. The Elder Pitt is a wounded lion "watching in impotent fury while mischievous pigmies quenched the beacon he had lighted." And if Pitt is the lion, Wilkes of course is the jackal. Like Mr. Strachey, too, he lets his characters develop by casually inserting a telling phrase or sentence from a letter or speech, refraining from comment. And like Mr. Strachey, unfortunately his facile pen is too apt to lead him astray when characterizing certain of Wilkes's friends or enemies. "Rockingham himself," he writes, "was a high-minded man with that type of negative virtue which wealth and position make easy. In the midst of a corrupt generation he was too rich to accept a bribe and too unimaginative to offer one. In the midst of a loose people he preserved an admirably starchy disposition. Undoubtedly he had principles, but they received too little support from his other qualities. He could neither speak nor write with ease, and was handicapped by inexperience, boils, and a passion for Newmarket." When we recall the fact that Rockingham was the one man who had the genius to bring together men of ability opposed to the corrupt practices of King and Parliament, when we remember the political chaos that followed immediately upon his death, such a picture seems hardly fair.

In the light of these two studies one point of importance stands out clearly. History has not treated the subject with sufficient respect. Had there been no John Wilkes, George of England might have become as absolute a ruler as Frederick of Prussia or Louis of France. Single-handed, Wilkes curbed an autocratic parliament and demonstrated the effectiveness of an organized political campaign. Indirectly he caused the Reform Bill of 1832 and the gradual extension of the franchise that followed. His legacy to posterity deserves recognition.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Mr. Morley's "Black Crook"

RUDOLPH AND AMINA OR THE BLACK CROOK. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. New York: The John Day Company. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY

THE aromatic Morley "item" before us, "Rudolph and Amina or The Black Crook," is, happily, published quite openly. There can be no doubt that, in the rare-book-trade term, it will be much "sought." Further, it wouldn't be a bad idea for benevolent organizations to distribute it among all classes as an aid to relief of nervous strain in a hard and parlous winter. The fancy readily pictures a miscellaneous family well "hopped-up" on a shot all 'round of "Rudolph and Amina" carrying through with the exuberant and fanciful effect of an Earl Carroll revue their eviction from the lofty pent-house which had been their humble home. Though, simply prism-colored as it seem to the casual eye, it is probable that, like any neat sensory stimulus, "Rudolph and Amina" is a dangerous elixir; and that some there are whom it might excite to their moral detriment; or, maybe, madden against its friskiness to the jeopardy of the public peace. And in these distraught times of dour prohibitions all about it is far from unthinkable that some uncharitable society should seek to suppress this most unfettered performance.

However, as has been said, the book, with all its lusty lust for lively life (and large-limbed ladies of the ensemble), is public entertainment for the present. Perhaps Mr. Morley's vast popular audience is not aware that many lively pieces of his writing are not, in any real sense, published—that is, made public. Those special souls, however, who are habitual readers of the catalogues issued by dealers in collectors' volumes frequently come upon Morley items described as, "Privately Printed, Edition limited to only 103 copies"; or "300 copies on Handmade Paper," or something like that. As an example, from a recent catalogue of "Modern First Editions with a Selection of Interesting Miscellaneous Books," thus, the best known of such affairs:

> MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER. Born in a Beer Garden; or She Troupes to Conquer. Illus. by EDWARD WILSON and Others. Sm. 4to. N. Y., 1930. First Edition. $7.50. Privately Printed. Limited Edition, numbered. Mr. Morley's stunning book on his Hoboken divagation. The cover depicts a knock-out blonde of the pre-Floradora type—huge feathered hat, wasp-waisted, balloon-sleeved, her schooner of beer poised with gracile expertness—while (we conjecture) the tough little Soubrette on the stage, centers herself wistfully in the calcium, to sing: "Dress me up Fair for the Ball, Marie."

Thus it is that, in the abundance of his energy and amid his manifold activities, Mr. Morley engages in literary larks which he is content to reserve for the delectation of restricted circles—those who, by personal acquaintance with him or through particular knowledge of the hilarity indulged, are in a position to be "in on" the gaiety. Such artistic escapades, as when an actor member does an informal turn on Pipe Night at a convivial club, are apt to gain in point from the very features which would be little sport, or in bad taste, outside the charmed circle: gay jests, say, involving by name members present; or take-offs on matters which those assembled have embraced as subjects of common spoofing.

Much of the pungent bouquet of Mr. Morley's present volumette, a delirious blend of poetic fantasy and rowdy horse-play, derives from this beguiling note: by a feat of literary tact it contrives to carry over into a larger theatre, so to say, the flavor of a show put on for a festive gathering of fellow club-members. The author even pops into the riotous proceedings, by name, a galaxy of his friends and associates. Bantering and baiting the world rolling by outside, he even spoofs the show itself: the grotesquely obvious false whiskers of the villainous; the historic virtues of the hero and heroine, cast "according to the delightful and rigorous traditions of old romantic drama"; and the gags of the low comedians—beyond which, for mental depravity, nothing could go.

Mr. Morley's *motif* is that venerable legend of bargaining with the Devil—the Black Crook. With dewy fragrance the story opens in the simple manner of a fairy tale for tender years. At the outset the innocent reader may expect a whimsical fable in the realm of, say, Walter de la Mare, or Robert Nathan. Very soon he perceived a note of waggery which brings to mind Mr. Belloc's sumptuous parody of the early Victorian novel of "high life," "Belinda." Shortly, he seems to detect an element of take-off on Cabell. A bit later matters become engagingly reminiscent of Gilbert and Sullivan. Diligently revealing, instead of concealing, the technical paraphernalia of the theatre, Mr. Morley evokes the sense of being in a playhouse. The colorful pictures become "sets"; it's a fable *via* Hoboken! Then, with the preposterous multiplication of violent contradictions in consistency in the action, the rhythm of artificial movement and vocal sound, and the opulent anatomical display, a pretty vivid illusion comes about of an actual "show" after the "girl-and-music conception of life," a musical comedy down to date.

Of the fable as here rendered, the "moral?" It would seem to be, well, that before an adequate "demonstration of the biological divine comedy" no philosopher can "take seriously the wiles of malice or the arduous pretences of society"—the illustrations in *La Vie Parisienne* are "the most perfect example of a universal language: a cosmorama, an esperanto, understood by men of any race or station."

Way Down South

A RIVER GOES WITH HEAVEN. By HOWELL VINES. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THE writer of this review has for some time played with the notion that criticism—better say reviewing—might gain in validity and in fairness if every comment were prefaced with a brief summary of the reviewer's attitude toward the type of book under consideration. Fiction, in especial, has come to have such wide variety that the personal bias of the reviewer is much too likely to determine the whole tone of what he writes, which more often than not is unfair to the novelist. This is as good a time as any to begin the experiment; and it starts with the simple admission that I like the kind of novel Mr. Vines has written. To enter into any detailed explanation of this prejudice would be to write an autopsychograph, which would not be reviewing the book, although it has been known to serve as reviewing in many instances.

Mr. Vines has chosen to write an intense book about one small section of northern Alabama, with the Big and Little Warrior Rivers as its center. His pages are permeated with his affection for birds, insects, trees, and flowers, and his title is easy to understand as soon as one grasps the depth and ardor of his affection. The book is obviously autobiographical; certainly the portrait of the patriarchal grandfather seems to have been done from life, and the principal figure is a teacher who writes, which accurately describes the author. Much of the intensity of the story comes about because of the love affair around which it centers; it is well known that every sense is quickened by a youthful passion such as it under way from the first page to the last.

This affection for a locality is disappearing from America; probably it survives to a greater degree in the South than in other sections, but even there the younger generations are losing their feeling for places merely because their ancestors have lived and died in them. On the whole one cannot escape the feeling that this loss of roots is a sad thing; Mr. Vines succeeds in making the reader feel its importance, and the tremendous inner satisfaction the possession of roots may bring to the individual, a satisfaction for which no amount of traveling up and down the earth can be a successful substitute.

My main criticism of "A River Goes with Heaven" is that the manner of telling the story seems too self-consciously literary to fit the material. I am not able to escape the feeling that the author, while he was revelling in the summer on the Warrior rivers that gave him his book—this is assuming, of course, that the tale is autobiographical—was a little too busy turning phrases to get the fullest enjoyment out of what was going on around him. There seems to be another defect, too, a defect far too common in current fiction. This is a lack of clear, sharp characterization. Some of Mr. Vines's characters, especially the grandfather, are vigorously enough alive; some of the subordinate characters are quickly and deftly sketched. But his heroine never draws a breath; she is described, and we hear some of her conversations, which sound poetical and unreal. Otherwise she is a symbol, and no woman of flesh and blood. Perhaps Mr. Vines meant to keep her in background, a shadowy and symbolic figure.

It would be easy to apply the conventional phrase to Mr. Vines's book and call it promising; but it deserves a good deal better of any reviewer. For whatever objections may be raised to its technique, it has genuine originality; it strikes below the surface of things, and it is charged with a pantheism we can ill afford to lose.

A Novel of Iceland

SEVEN DAYS' DARKNESS. By GUNNAR GUNNARSSON. Translated by ROBERTS TAPLEY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS novel of Iceland is in many ways reminiscent of the plays of Ibsen. It displays the same interest in the effect of a philosophy upon a life, especially in the tragedy that comes when an every-day philosophy must meet exceptional stresses; it shows the same interest, also, in a mind under a strain greater than it can bear; and it has the same power of making a most effective use of a vaguely symbolic background.

The conception is extraordinary and powerful. In the beginning the narrator is told that his friend, Dr. Grimur Ellidagrimur, has gone mad, whereupon he sets himself to recall the terrible seven days that have just passed, to try to find the reason; the reader, that is, is invited to watch the disintegration of a man's mind, and knows what he must expect. The tragedy is accomplished with an inevitability that recalls the Icelandic sagas, the doom of Grettir or the accomplishment of Gudrun's vision; even the manner in which it is set in motion reminds one of some of the Norse tales of ships that brought ill luck.

For a week a volcano has been in eruption in the island; a suffocating cloud of ashes has darkened the sky by day, and the distant flames have lighted it by night. On the first day of the seven, a ship brought the infection of influenza, which has become a raging epidemic. The same ship brought Pall Einarsson, an old rival of Ellidagrimur's for the hand of his wife, and a skilfully mocking cynic. Ellidagrimur, exhausted by his attendance on the sick, must meet as best he can Einarsson's attacks upon his idealistic beliefs about god and man, beliefs which he has unconsciously based upon his absolute trust in his wife. Even if the book had not begun at the end with his madness, the reader would know that Ellidagrimur, placed on an island that God seems to have abandoned, and attacked by a clever villain who sees his weaknesses, is hopelessly doomed.

The tragedy could hardly be stronger, but it might well be swifter. The author has not Ibsen's ability to advance a plot and a discussion simultaneously, and his book suffers from the inclusion of a good deal of inconclusive argument about the survival of the soul that contributes nothing to the story, and seems to be caused only by the general northern love of abstractions. The story is further delayed by some humor which is by our standards terribly heavy-handed, such as one has encountered in other Scandinavian authors. And at the beginning one is bewildered by the introduction of a number of actors with confusingly similar names—Pall Einarsson, Benjamin Pallsson, Petur Olafsson, Olafur Jonsson, Jon Oddsson,—with no indication of their age, position, appearance, or character. In time they most of them grow definite in the reader's mind, but at first these invisible speakers give the impression of being figures in an abstract demonstration; and the plot is so mathematically perfect already, even to the statement at the beginning of what is to be accomplished at the end, that any further effect of abstraction is dangerous.

These defects may well be due to differences in convention between our literature and the Scandinavian. In any case, the difficulties they place in the reader's way disappear by the middle of the book, and one is rewarded by a most unusual story, grim in conception, and compelling in execution.

"The lease of the Golden Cross Hotel in the Strand, immortalized by Dickens, has expired," says *John o'London's Weekly*, "and the building is to be demolished. It was there that Mr. Pickwick had his encounter with the cabman, and from the inn he drove in the 'Commodore' coach to Rochester. David Copperfield also went there on his arrival from Canterbury."

The greater part of the library of the late Lord Birkenhead, numbering some 10,000 volumes, will be sold in London in December. There are many valuable first editions, including one of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass."

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The North-Atlantic Area

THE GIANT OF THE WESTERN WORLD. By Francis P. Miller and Helen Hill. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by Alfred Zimmern

HERE is something new. We have had during these last years numerous books on America by Europeans. Indeed few European intellectuals who have visited America seem to feel happy until they have disembarrassed themselves of their reflections in the shape of a volume. We have had plenty of studies of Europe, from the most various points of view by Americans. But what Mr. and Mrs. Miller give us is a composite picture of the two sides of the Atlantic or, as they call it, the North-Atlantic area, as it has been shaped by the forces set loose by the war. Admirably placed themselves to be philosophic observers of this changing scene, sufficiently immersed in its business to be able to bring a sure touch to its description, yet not too deeply to have forfeited humor or candor or a sense of perspective, they have given us a book of subtle analysis and remorseless home truths which will interest and startle readers on both sides of the Atlantic, not to speak of the shuttle that runs between them.

Nevertheless "The Giant of the Western World" is primarily addressed to Americans: and, for that reason, a European, invited to review it in an American periodical, finds some difficulties in presenting its arguments. For the major thesis of the book is a theme on which it is for Americans to dilate to Americans—the immense responsibilities which have fallen to the United States since the war, the glaring incongruity between the surging economic activity and the deadening political paralysis of the American people in this new situation, and the dangerous consequences which this is engendering both for the United States and for the world as a whole. Europeans have for some years past become so accustomed to tracing back the major sources of their ills to what the authors call the "peasant foreign policy" of the United States Government, and to writing off all expectations of change in this regard as unrealizable, that when they read the bold and well-reasoned restatement of the facts in these pages their natural tendency, trained in the school of discretion, is to nod the head and pass on to another subject. Let that section of the book then, especially the chapter entitled "Europe as an Entanglement," pass to American hands for analysis.

* * *

The book is divided into four parts. The first describes the preparation of the American for a North-Atlantic role. Very cleverly we are shown the adaptation of the pioneer type, with its conception of a frontier as a receding economic edge, to the economic conditions of post-war Europe. "The imperative that once said to a young man 'Go West' is now beginning to say to his grandchildren 'Go abroad.' The lure that pulled the covered wagon beyond the Mississippi may be relied upon to drive the Ford to the ends of the earth." But these grandchildren constitute a "vast social organism," a semi-continent with a "mass self-consciousness" such as the world has never seen before. "America's becoming conscious of herself as a united society with a common destiny . . . is probably the most important single development in the modern world." It has a "cosmic significance like the emergence of the Roman Empire or the incoming waves of barbarians which completed the Empire's destruction."

This is the giant of the authors' title. The next section describes his activities. In a series of brilliant vignettes we are shown him as salesman ("Europe as a Market"), tourist ("Europe as a Playground"), philanthropist ("Europe as a Mission Field"), and capitalist ("Europe as an Investment"). Here the authors have made full use of an abundant experience and the blend of humor and wisdom with just a dash of malice tempt not only to quotation but to the stripping off of the protective anonymity. "Three world movements within fifteen years," it is said of one pioneering venture in uplift, "is not a bad record of achievement," the achievement consisting in each case in the institution of a "permanent secretariate"—"but one cannot help wondering whether or not the world benefits from the type of administrative inventiveness which is expert in successive launchings but uninterested in the technique of continuous navigation." Or again, in regard to another campaign, "the inclusion of Europe (in the mission field) seemed particularly natural to pacifists who had formed the habit of thinking of Europe as a slaughter-house or to Protestants who saw in post-war Europe a heaven-sent opportunity to make inroads on Rome. Even at that, however, the division of Europe into dioceses by the American Methodist Church and its appointment of American bishops to occupy these dioceses seems a bit startling." Space does not permit of quotations from the equally caustic description of the various types of "sight-seer" from the wholly unsophisticated to the spiritual heirs of Henry James.

The third section turns from the study of the American to the contemplation of Europe and takes up the consequences for Europe of these "North-Atlantic activities." The political consequences we must not linger over, though the stinging contrast between the Talleyrandian methods of post-war American diplomacy and the up-to-date technique of Europe will certainly strike the American reader. Nor can one pass over the discussion of the strange "reversal of roles" which has made the United States

Self-Portrait. By Eric Gill. From "The Engravings of Eric Gill" (Cleverdon).
See page 404.

the banker of the present-day representatives of the absolute principles of the Holy Alliance. The chapter on economic consequences which follows deals with the movement for rationalization in its various phases and is full of interesting and up-to-date material. The concluding chapter in this section,—that on social consequences—contains a most searching analysis of the new North-Atlantic civilization which the up-to-date pioneers have brought into existence. The criticism of the uniformity, the "serial nothingness," of American life has often been made before, but these pages emphasize in an unusually striking way not only its expansion into most realms of European life but the tedium, the barrenness, the fundamental disorder, and the complete absence of genuine spiritual values which characterize its victorious progress. Just as the "suburban Fascists" of New York and Chicago have surrendered control over the government of their cities, so the "manipulation of their marvelous toys" has destroyed their sense of any deep abiding purpose in the universe. And the forces which are bringing this about "can no longer be designated as American forces or European forces: they are forces common to the entire North-Atlantic Society."

The concluding section in which the implications of this new North-Atlantic civilization are more fully worked out, is notable for a warning and a suggestion. The warning is as to the danger of the political passivity of the United States, resulting in the creation of a new and up-to-date system of Balance of Power. The causes which produced the system in pre-war Europe are operating over the whole North-Atlantic area today. "Sovereign State particularism," incapable of a policy of coöperation, can only end by drifting into a policy of balance. "The balance," we are told, "would either be between the United States and Great Britain, with continental countries acting as a make-weight, or between the United States and some continental groups with Great Britain acting as a make-weight." "What is wanted is not balance between nations but conference between governments, otherwise the history of the Rhine will be reduplicated in the history of the North-Atlantic."

The suggestion is that these inherent clashes of power, which in the modern age are primarily economic, should be met by the institution of an International Commerce Commission conceived on the same principles as the Interstate Commerce Commission. Its main function would be "to keep international business out of international politics." It would include official representatives from the coöperating governments and *ad hoc* panels from the more important industries. There is no space here to develop the details of the suggestion, which is a natural sequel to the work already achieved, largely owing to American initiative, by the International Chamber of Commerce. But it is characteristic of the young Americans to which their pages perhaps pay insufficient tribute that this work of brilliant intellectual analysis should conclude with a practical proposal of which more is certainly likely to be heard.

The Lone Windjammer

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN. By A. J. Villiers. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by Captain David W. Bone
Author of "The Brassbounder"

MANY years ago I hauled sail and furled, furled and hauled sail, on passage round Cape Horn. Steamships, in 1890, were rarely seen south of the Falkland Islands. But at no time was the roaring pitch of it a crowded seaway. On occasion, a strange sail would heave in sight. There would be a matter of signalling by flags. She would hoist her distinguishing signal and we ours. Another run of colors would indicate our respective voyages, the ports left and intended, the days of our sea-keeping. The last word would be a flaunt of the ensign for good-bye, and we sailed on, on our lawful occasions. Now, the wild waters that storm unchecked by point of land around the world must seldom be riven by even a steamship's keel. The comparative safety of the Magellan Straits are sought, or the economics of the voyage may justify a slip through the Panama Canal. Only the very few square-rigged sailing ships now existing in an era of steam propulsion look to the passage of the Horn for wind and sea room. Lonely ships. In sight only to the sheering albatross, the mollyhawk, and the fluttering Cape pigeon.

I suppose the *Grace Harwar* must be almost the last of the stately line. Mr. Villiers sailed in her in 1929, and "By Way of Cape Horn" tells the story of the voyage. But much more than the story of the voyage lies between those covers. The book is a valediction to square sail. It is unlikely that any new contemporary word will be written about the gallant ships that sought storm for power to speed them on their way. The book is dedicated to the author's shipmate who signed in her but never came to the pay table. The sea claimed him, and I feel that no man with the sea in his heart could wish for a better or more love-impelled memorial.

* * *

This author has already an excellent sea book to his credit. In the spring of last year he published "Falmouth for Orders," and that book encouraged his admirers to keep a keen lookout for a second work. They will not be disappointed in their expectations. The same restraint and sincerity that distinguished the earlier book is noticeable in the new. And in this, Mr. Villiers had no easy task. The two books are threads of the same color, concerned with the voyages of square-rigged sailing ships from the Antipodes to the United Kingdom, and, as one sea-day—of its date and weather—is very much like another sea-day, the demon of monotony is hard to exorcise in any chronicle of events. But this author has a genius for novel ventilation, and his pages are fresh and vivid.

I am saddened to note that his publishers claim rank for him with Dana. The sincerity and feeling in "By Way of Cape Horn" offer evidence enough that its author would be the last man to claim that he had reached the great height of equality with "Two Years Before the Mast." That classic of seafaring, quotidian in form, will always stand alone: nothing ever written in retrospect can approach it. Short of communion with Dana's masterpiece, Villiers need fear no comparison with others (not being of the "hard-fisted sea-dog" variety so much in vogue nowadays) who have written honestly about the sea. It is the intention of this reviewer to write further of this excellent book in a general essay.

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The Bowling Green

John Mistletoe, XVIII.

PERHAPS they had been a little disappointed to find themselves in those small hot attics, instead of in one of the big double chambers that overlook the yard. But Mistletoe will not forget the next morning's surprise. At six o'clock sunlight was flooding into the room, yellow as candle-flame; it was a morning blaze "like gold to airy thinness beat," and there across the low roofs were the Radcliffe dome and St. Mary's spire. They were a tender pigeon-throat color, as in Turners's painting of Brasenose quad (where Pater condoned undergraduate bonfires because they lit up the spire so beautifully.) That dome, that spire, Mistletoe always associated with *Marius the Epicurean*. He loved their stone charms with pure detachment; he had rarely used either the one for reading or the other for worship, but they were part of his permanent picture of the world. In the level burning of an August morning all those silver-scurfy stones shift and turn in color like the "floating opal" jeweller Benedict keeps in his window on Fulton Street, New York. Like an old gray hen, Oxford seems to sprawl and spread her feathers to the sun.

Yes; suddenly, unexpectedly, in the first tissue of a new day's likelihood, was a fresh vista of Oxford, never seen before. Something rich in the mind, both proud and humble, felt renewed. There has always been such fat premium put on easy image-breaking, quiet minds sometimes keep their surest loyalties too secret. In such morning honesty one was proud to love what was so beautiful; and he wondered if that old home of Humanities ever entered into a bandar-log uproar about Humanism. Would anyone, who had really tasted the nourishing comedy and tragedy of mature life? In the clean tranquil temper of Marius himself they climbed to the queer little attic bathroom of the inn, where after the tub you may stand on a raised platform and dry yourself while looking from a skylight across Mrs. Davenant's own roof.

So advantageous a summit, and the pleasing riddle of Mrs. Davenant herself, might have provided good occasion for homage to Woman and her necessary dominion over the artist. Strange that *Marius* (so far as I recall) said little of her; her exquisite rationality, her humorous willingness to be civilized. (Perhaps Marius, whatever he called himself, was still more Oxford don than Epicurean.) Surely Woman is instinctive artist in every gland; the rest of us only so, stupidly and by dull persistence, between interruptions. Shakespeare, with the wild wisdom of a man carrying a whole unborn world in his brainpan, allied with the Town, not the Gown. In that monkish city, carefully fortified against the more urgent anguishes of art, Woman's enormous wisdom seems diluted and remote. Gladly, because she has no real power on them, they have conceded her all sorts of equal privileges. But in a university sex must remain an interesting binomial theorem; capable of intelligible demonstration, but nicely weighed and set apart. It is not so in the full intermingle of life. It is something different in the Shakespeares and Marlowes and John Donnes.

He would have liked to go on thinking about John Donne (a poet women of blood adore at sight, whereas innocent men have to be laboriously taught to relish him) and even about Brantôme (he always said that there were not nearly enough poets with a circumflex accent.) But it would seem to the shallow that these thoughts were tainted with literature. As a matter of fact he was not thinking about them at all, but about himself in their moods. The only way to learn anything about poetry is to live through all the emotions the poets have recorded. His experience of literature had been entirely unsystematic, picked up by chance excerpts and encounters; in bookshops, drug stores, and human hearts. His only ambition had been to bear witness that might be, for a few generous or patient readers, a true report on a certain not neglible generation. A generation that had its first brightness of boyhood in a world now utterly dead, but which many hard-working people strive anxiously to revive. A generation which reaches its full efficiency in the most curious situation; being, as Matthew Arnold or someone said, between two worlds, one dead, and the other powerless to be born.

Skilful in elusion, he could always conveniently label with a deceptive literary affiche, matters he deemed too gloriously direct for general utterance. I remember that when he was running a newspaper column, and desired to ventilate a somewhat subversive sentiment, he sometimes used to enjoy printing it as a quotation from Thoreau or Emerson. Only once, in many such experiments, did any reader question the authenticity.

We sat down to bacon and eggs in the little coffee-room that looks out over the cobbled and flower-hung inn-yard. I hope it was true about Mrs. Davenant. I should like to think that Oxford meant something more to Shakespeare than just a place where they lock up at 9.05 p. m. I hope his stomach shook a little with love's own terrors as he came riding over Magdalen Bridge. But all that Mistletoe remarked was, "This isn't the old original Cooper's Oxford marmalade."

* * *

Looking back over these small adventures, and inserting the appropriate thoughts we might have had, is unfair to ourselves. Neither Mistletoe nor I is likely to have the right thought at the right time. We were out to attempt something more fruitful than thinking; to get the feelings of things and try to let intuition be alive and aware. "Pictures in our eyes to get, was all our propagation."

One can afford to love things one does not have to live with. Santayana fled back to Oxford when he found Harvard crude, but probably the rising tide of busses and filling stations soon moved him on. The sacred edifice of Balliol is now marked with a big metal sign DANGEROUS CORNER, which gave its own pleasure to a New College man bred impatient of the old Balliol disdain. The precocious child of the street-walker said, quoting Sir Thomas Browne, "Mummy is become merchandise." So one might think of Alma Mater, seeing Carfax and Cornmarket terrible with traffic. But then, rounding into the Broad, you meet one of those excellent old parsons with white beard and black straw hat and know that some of the good Lost Causes are still solid. And in Blackwell's noble bookshop they are offering Clement Shorter's copy of Defoe's *Jure Divino*, dedicated "To the Most Illustrious Lady REASON, First Monarch of the World." But Blackwell's is a dangerous place: you can wander and wander, penetrating always deeper in posterior passages of print, until drugged and stupefied. And we had only a few hours.

Mistletoe wanted us to revisit New College garden. He told me that a few years ago he brought home to Long Island a bay horse-chestnut he had picked up there. He planted it and watered with care, but long time went past without result. Finally, trowelling about, he dug it up by chance and found it shrivelled and full of small curlicue maggots. A cynic would have found sombre allegory in this; would have said that many Oxford seeds parch or go wormy in the sandy loam of Afterwards. Mistletoe only said that he was disappointed; a chestnut tree from New College would have been good for spiritual rheumatisms. He insisted on our seeing Long Room, a medieval Ajax, and recited its famous motto, "O Cloacina, goddess of this place . . ." but more quotable is one of the memorial tablets in the cloister, an inscription in honor of a famous oarsman—*Princeps arte remigandi*, a prince in the art of rowing. The view from the bell-tower was as lovely as ever. Thence you look aslant on Oxford's gray pattern, the many squares of stone each brimmed with forenoon light and a wedge of black shadow on the southern side. At the Turf tavern, secret in the elbow of Hell Passage, the shiny shove-ha'penny board was still in use. In that alley, or in the New College cloister, the clash of bells drifts overhead like heavy plumes, or falls downward with unseen weight into the white pool of silence. There many a young Caliban has been pricked by the impossible loveliness of his own age and time. Oxford's bells are like the strange airy noises of the tawny island—

> Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
> Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
> That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
> Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
> The clouds methought would open and show riches
> Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked
> I cried to dream again.

Were Caliban and the two pickled Italians left behind on the island, like Stevenson's three mutineers? The parallel with *Treasure Island* is too close not to notice.

But on such a day the right place for vacation was Parsons Pleasure, the old bathing pool. On the way we had a chance to see Rhodes House, the new headquarters of that most romantic and purposeful of all generosities. It is an extraordinary building with magnificent oak timbers and multitudinous symbolisms, chief of which the zimbabwe bird of Rhodesia. Finding Shakespeare everywhere, as one does if one looks, it was exciting to learn that the fire-dogs in the great hall are embossed with emblems of "Shakespeare's poem *The Phoenix and the Turtle*, which suggests the mingled ruthless energy and tender generosity of Cecil Rhodes." Certainly there is the gusto of Rhodes's Crœsus fancy in that house, a kind of imperial anthology of materials. The southern front says: DOMUS HAEC NOMEN ET EXEMPLUM CECILI IOHANNIS RHODES OXONIÆ QUAM DILEXIT IN PERPETUUM COMMENDAT.

To young K., Parsons Pleasure was new; his Oxford experience did not include a Summer Term. He saw it at its best that ardent August noon. The cold Cherwell stream comes down a long aisle of trees among unspoiled meadows; it tastes and smells rich of Oxford earth. It is a clean country creek, and with the Shakespearean instinct of getting to London; that same water flows by Westminster and Southwark a few days later. It might by easy chance have been the river of Stratford: on the ridge of Edgehill only half a mile separates springs that flow into Avon from those running into Cher.

Parsons Pleasure itself is a bracket in the stream; a by-path detours picknickers around it so that the naked simplicity of the bathers is not disturbed. Occasionally an ignorant freshman or visitor poles his puntload of ladies round the wrong corner and blunders into this monad retreat, then awkwardly pushes out again with much feminine squeaking. The voices of boating parties are heard beyond the trees; the rush of water down the weir is a sleepy overtone. There, on the small grassy mead, men and boys of every size and shape lay browning in absolute sunshine. A naked cleric, a nice tanned one in a Panama hat, trudged steadily to and fro studying his breviary. Of him K. remarked "It's the first time I ever saw a parson stripped. He looks just like a regular human being." Books and towels were scattered about, blue wisps of pipe-smoke shredded in the air. Lying on the warm turf one could hear the heavy hissing plunge of bodies diving; I can taste and feel again that inland water with its earthy chill and its light but steady push of current. Down green meanders of its shallow valley the Cher curves loitering, past the old churches and tea arbors of a dozen rarely discovered villages. They are only names now—Wood Eaton, Water Eaton, Islip, Hampton Poyle, Hampton Gay, Shipton, Nethercott, Steeple Aston—but we knew them once. That cold water, gently dividing the burning hours, brings with it some fertile secret of the old midland shires; but it comes also from further away than that; from a fairy-tale we will never re-explore. There, by those dingy dressing-hutches and under the willows, you seem very far inside something. The humorous and maddening world is palisaded away by strong protections. Green fields and gray walls and enormous widenesses of peace lie between you and life. Those naked boys throwing a medicine ball, the older men stretched basking in the sun, somehow make one want to read Aristotle and Plato (in translation, of course). And truly one of the subtlest of the dialogues was talked out by Socrates and Phædrus in just such a place: sitting by the Ilissus with their feet in the water.

"Walt Whitman would have enjoyed Parsons Pleasure," I suggested as he came out, rubbing his thighs in the sun. I was thinking how Walt, after his paralytic stroke, used to go down to lonely Timber Creek, hang his clothes on a fence rail, wallow in the brook and wrestle with an oak sapling for exercise.

Mistletoe was doubtful. "I'm not so sure. He'd find a little too much smell of tradition in this old greenery. He'd much prefer the lonely beaches of Long Island. Remember how he used to run on the sand at Coney shouting Shakespeare at the surf? Did you ever get that desperate shut-up feeling, indoors at night and bust out naked into a warm rainstorm? There's no shower bath like it. Think of living in a city, where you couldn't do that."

"It's curious that almost all philosophers worth while have been associated intimately with rivers and seas or water of some sort."

"Yes," said young K, "they've done almost everything to it but drink it."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

MANY have read much of the poetry of John Masefield with enthusiasm from those first days that gave us, unexpectedly and bewilderingly, "The Everlasting Mercy," through the great sea-poem of "Dauber," the stirring dramas of "Pompey the Great" and "The Faithful," the gallant, swift triumph of "Reynard the Fox," with its Chaucerian descriptions of the hunt-meeting, the integrity and nobility of the sonnets, and the weird magic of "The Hounds of Hell." Masefield remains one of the most remarkable poets of our time, one of the most honest workmen, one of the truest spiritual forces.

The tendency has now begun to speak of his falling-off. Platitudinous things were lately said about him in a certain literary journal with a gesture of most professional dismissal, and more recently the book reviewer of a clever metropolitan weekly described his latest work, "The Wanderer of Liverpool," as something that could not possibly attract intelligent attention had not its author suddenly become Poet Laureate of England—which was of course a hasty and ignorant remark by a person doubtless submerged in many books to which he or she could not in the nature of things, pay the proper heed. Also, when poems from *The Wanderer* appeared, heavily advertised by the publisher, in two issues of a highly prosperious monthly magazine, noted for its "big names," there was some indication of scorn among the "artists."

All this is, of course, nonsensical. To anyone who has followed closely the work of John Masefield there have been matters in all his latest books, even in those of least importance, that have proved of additional interest in a study of the man. Even in much of his best work, so far as mere technique goes, there have heretofore been some blemishes and lapses. Like most geniuses, he is rarely a "perfect poet." He has not been without his occasional sentimentalities, he has not always bestowed upon us full proof. His greatest poetic energy has now, perhaps, declined—which is natural enough, in all conscience, when one considers the length of time he has been writing and the splendid pace he kept for some while, with all the little copyist decriers yapping far behind his heels.

His retelling of the Helen story was of considerable actual interest and stimulus, even in the prose tale which titled a thin volume of fugitive pieces published about six years ago. His "Midsummer Night," a retelling of some of the Arthurian legends, in 1928, came after the great and deserved success of Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Tristram" and found comparatively few readers. Yet, from an entirely different temperament and in an entirely different manner, and also because it seems to take us back to sources almost as old as the Welsh Nennius, far pre-dating Malory, these narratives recreate, in a far more archaic way, quite as fascinating figures. We have said "archaic," yet strangely enough Masefield has the prime quality of taking Paris the lover of Helen, or Uther Pendragon, the rescuer of Ygraine, or Lancelot, the lover of Guinivere, and endowing them with life and breath against a background that seems described by an eye-witness. One almost feels upon one's neck the heat of that July when Arthur set fire to King Loki the Norseman's ships before the battle of Badon Hill, and little Morgause, watching among the grass the "Drake-Ship on the roller-balks," before her capture, prints a memorable picture on the mind. Visual imagination Masefield has in superb degree, and no one in this age has surpassed him, of course, in the extremely accurate and at the same time strikingly vivid description of all the aspects of the sea known to a ship, whether laboring mightily or running clear. As for action,—the hand has not failed of its cunning that can describe sudden death as Masefield does in Lancelot's fight on the wall:

Agravaine cried to those behind him:
"Stand back, friends; give us room."
He felt a sudden lightning blind him,
He felt Death's doom;

Knew not how Lancelot had stricken,
But felt the blow destroy.
The gifts that made his hearers quicken
From calm to joy.
Stumbling, he saw bright waters gleaming
With star-gleams spark on spark,
Then he struck stone, then all was seeming,
Then all was dark.

But our purpose was to say a few things about "The Wanderer of Liverpool." In Masefield's preface to his "Collected Poems" of ten years ago he remarks:

> Early in 1913, I wrote the poem, *The Wanderer*, about a very beautiful but unlucky ship which I had seen years before in the Mersey. *The Wanderer* stays in my mind as one of the loveliest things ever made by men. She is still freshly remembered in Liverpool, and many men who sailed in her must be still alive. She was run down and sunk (I believe in daylight) in the Elbe near Hamburg about 1897.

He refers of course to his original poem on *The Wanderer*, not to the poems in the present book. The latter part of that original poem contains some of his quietest but most beautiful writing, nor can one forget how he recorded his impression of first seeing her come up the river after her first disaster and thinking that her spars were white with frost when they were actually "white with rags of tattered sail." Nor that impression of Christmas morning in a Southern port, after a night of high wind:

And soon men looked upon a glittering
earth,
Intensely sparkling like a world new-born;
Only to look was spiritual birth,
So bright the raindrops ran along the thorn.

Then his final sight of her from the upland above the bay where the ships were at anchor:

Come as of old a queen, untouched by Time,
Resting the beauty that no seas could tire,
Sparkling, as though the midnight's rain
were rime,
Like a man's thought transfigured into fire.

In the last line of this poem he says, "The meaning shows in the defeated thing."

Some one particular representation and symbol of beauty haunts many a man's life to the end: it may be the face of one woman, it may be the remembrance of one particular country or city scene, on one day out of all the days, it may be the remembrance of some heroic or highly chivalrous deed. But with many men there is one particular thing that holds more thrilling mystery for them than other remembrances, and has upon them more strange power. It seems to be so with Masefield and *The Wanderer*. After seventeen years since his first poem about her, and after a much longer time from his first sight of her, he gathers together every atom of information about her that he can secure from the four quarters of the globe. He was wrong, of course (as he shows us), in setting that earlier date for her sinking. It was ten years later. She was launched in August, 1891, and her Setting Forth was in October of that same year. She met a tempest that nearly finished her and did actually kill her captain. She was finally got into Kingstown and towed thence back to Liverpool. Masefield first saw her on Sunday morning, October 25th, as she came in to dock:

> The rags of her sails fluttering from her yards gleamed in the sun. I have seen much beauty, but she was the most beautiful thing. She was so splendid, and so distresst: she was also moving as though she were alive. She docked in the Queen's Dock, a heart-rending sight to all, from the broken glory aloft and the blood of her dead and wounded below.

She was refitted, however, and was on her tenth voyage when she was run into and sunk while anchored in the Altenbruch Road of the Elbe at 2 A. M. on the 14th of April, 1907. The German steamer *Gertrud Woermann* was responsible. As to her being an unlucky ship, Masefield says this in part:

> The disaster of her first setting forth caused many legends of her unluckiness to go about the world. I myself, writing on the strength of these legends, may have helped to give her this name. I have now made this story of her so that the facts may be known, as far as I can learn them from imperfect records, the memories of men scattered all over the world, and notes in old newspapers.

The book contains all he can find out about her, as well as diagrams of her, a list of all the models, drawings, and paintings of her that exist, and a complete technical history of her build and rig on which we open the book. All the paintings of her are photographically reproduced in the book, with the exception of the frontispiece, which is a reproduction in color. The diagrams and plans and structural details are for the sailor. For the poet are "The Setting Forth,"

(*Continued on page 400*)

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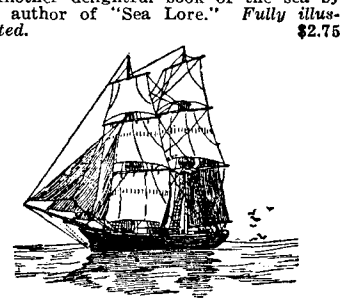

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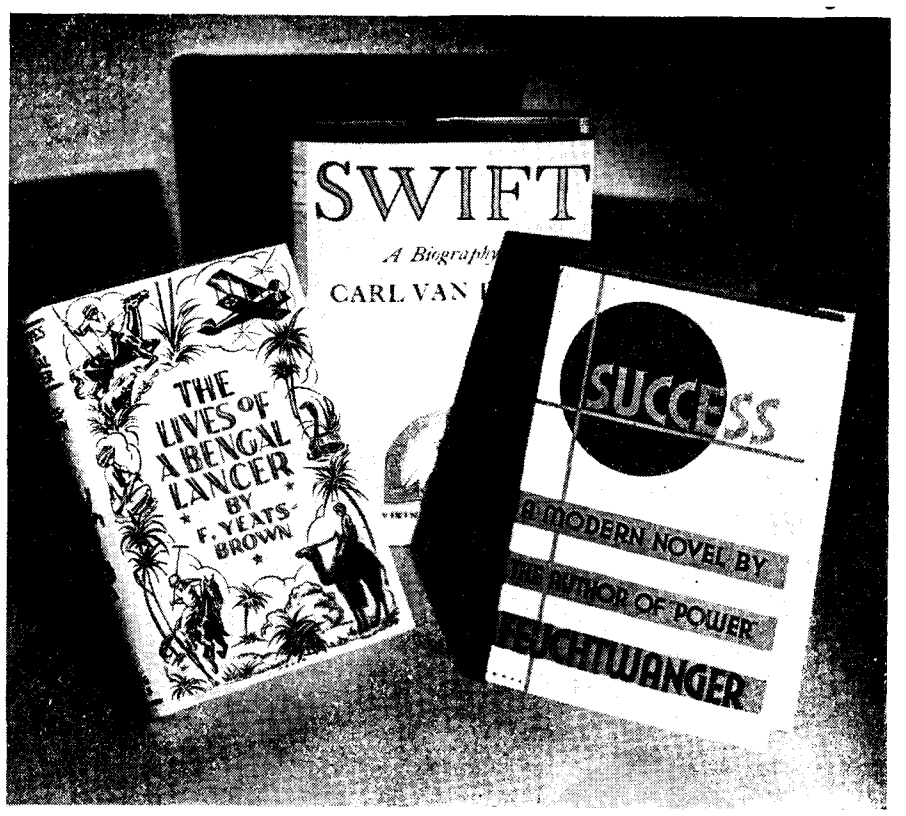

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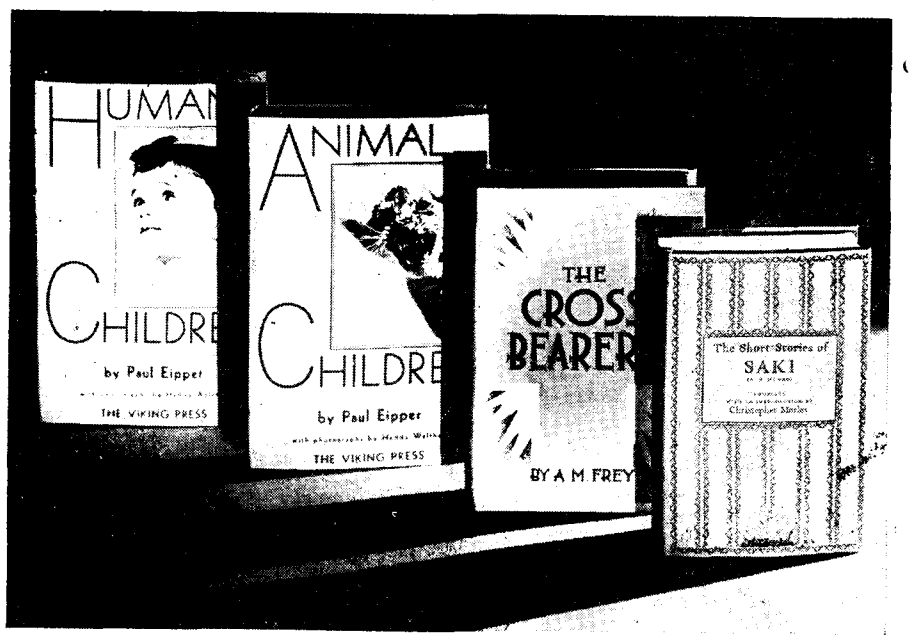

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Books of Special Interest

China Today

CHINA: The Collapse of a Civilization. By NATHANIEL PEFFER. New York: The John Day Company. 1930. $3.

TORTURED CHINA. By HALLETT ABEND. New York: Ives Washburn. 1930.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

HERE are the considered reactions of two capable American observers who have spent several years in the intensive study of whatever it is that passes for China today. The conclusions of each are utterly discouraging so far as the future of China is concerned. If both were not competent men and did not support their doleful conclusions with ample evidence, one might hope that they had allowed their pessimism to run away with them. But the burden of proof is upon optimism.

Peffer approaches the subject from the point of view of a temperamental liberal and Abend perhaps with a more conservative attitude. But both alike find that Chinese civilization has fallen into utter confusion and see no possibility of a rehabilitation without outside assistance. Beyond that the two authors go different ways. Peffer thinks outside assistance cannot be made effective. Abend would go in and straighten out the country even if it took the united armies and navies of the powers to do it.

Peffer's book is written with his usual philosophical analysis of current situations. One misses with pleasure both the note of futile complaint and the easy condemnation of statesmen for not doing what seemed so obvious to the author of the "White Man's Dilemma." Here, with more maturity and a more balanced judgment, Mr. Peffer has given us a survey of the course of events in China which well justifies the title "The Collapse of a Civilization." If he has not added materially to our store of facts, he has at least marshalled them anew and vivified them with a style which is as brilliant as ever. This style fairly sweeps the reader through what might easily have been a long and sordid recital. Only occasionally does it drop its burden altogether and soar into the realm of pure verbal exultation, as for example in the statement that "ancestor worship is the ceremonialized consciousness of the unity of time."

Peffer's thesis may be summarized in a few of his own sentences. "After what is happening in China now there can be no returning. There is nothing to return to. . . . A clean sweep is being made of all that remains of the old order. What the times began the Chinese themselves are finishing. There are no conservatives left. . . . It may be said that the one point of fixity in the flux of China today is the desire to break with the past. . . ." In brief, Chinese civilization has collapsed.

Out of this collapse, there must arise a new China, but as to what that China will be, there is no answer. It may be "fifty years perhaps, more likely a hundred, and maybe two hundred" before the answer is found. And the world must wait patiently for the answer although by it, "whenever given, the future of the whole world will be moulded."

Mr. Abend has not Mr. Peffer's patience. He agrees with Mr. Peffer that China has gone to pot, but he is impressed with the suffering—the torture, he calls it, and perhaps the word is not too strong—of the Chinese people and the incidental misfortune which their failure to "be incorporated into modern civilization" brings upon that civilization.

China, according to Mr. Abend, has ample resources, material and human, to become reasonably well off itself and to make its contribution to the wealth of the rest of the world. But in order to develop them there must be peace and good government. That could happen in China "only by a miracle."

Lacking such a miracle, the only alternative seems to be an international intervention—a benevolent intervention undertaken solely to end China's misfortunes both for the sake of the Chinese people and because of the prosperity which a proper settlement of China's problems would help to bring to the rest of the world.

There in all its nakedness is Mr. Abend's proposal. We have to go no further than the other volume under review to find the opposing contention. Mr. Peffer speaks of "glib, superficial conclusions, of which the most banal and commonplace has been the need for international intervention." He goes on to assure us that such an attempt would be "attempting to play traffic policeman to an earthquake."

Mr. Abend by no means belittles the difficulties attendant upon his plan. He points out both the disrupting jealousies among the powers, their mutual and perhaps mutually justified suspicions, and the instinctive resistance of the Chinese to foreign activity of any kind. This instinctive resistance is perhaps the one element of unity left in the country. But international intervention would be rather an expensive way to bring it into action, and once aroused, there would be no assurance that the result would be desirable.

There are weighty arguments for and against the intervention proposal. But against it there appear to be two which outweigh all the others on both sides. One is that it is impossible: the other is that it would not work. Mr. Abend's plea for action is worthy of all praise. But Mr. Peffer's exhortation to let it alone is the better counsel.

Biography's Early Life

ENGLISH BIOGRAPHY BEFORE 1700. By DONALD A. STAUFFER. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1930. $4.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT
University of Colorado

IT is probable that no major literary form has been more neglected by scholars than biography, especially in its origins and early career. Perhaps this is because English biography is supposed to begin with Boswell, to whom it does indeed owe much of its modern importance, but in the very act of proclaiming Boswell's genius we are likely to underestimate the value of the many Lives written in those long centuries before England entered upon its period of rationalism and refinement. Boswell produced the masterpiece, and we forget his humble predecessors, until we are reminded of their accomplishments in such a book as this by Mr. Stauffer. Here we have the whole course of English biography set before us, from its Latin and Anglo-Saxon beginnings to its seventeenth century achievements and prophecies of what is still to be. And through it all Mr. Stauffer is a good guide. He has a large sympathy with the men whose biographical efforts he interprets, and a quick eye for all their charm and their merit. He has dived into all manner of curious corners and byways in pursuit of his quarry, and he has come up with a goodly collection of interesting figures. If, on occasion, he grows too lyrical about a hagiographer or a Caroline divine, he is only venting some of the enthusiasm that was necessary to carry him through a task of such extensive proportions; and perhaps we need enthusiasm to spur us into a proper appreciation of Sir John Perrott and Nicholas Ferrar, and the chroniclers of their lives. His industry cannot be too highly commended; the bibliography with which he concludes his book is a splendid example of what such a bibliography ought to be.

Mr. Stauffer's study makes it abundantly clear that before the eighteenth century biography tended to celebrate men remarkable for their piety and their service to religion. Even after 1,600, when secular "Lives" became somewhat more common, it is still the men of the church who command most attention. Even the greatest of the works here examined concerns churchmen, though in this case the good Izaak's heroes were notable for something other than mere piety and saintliness. The purely literary man, however, the statesman, the soldier, rarely served as a subject. There are, of course, exceptions, like Lord Brooke's "Sidney" and Lord Herbert's "Autobiography," which go a long way towards mitigating this unfortunate tendency of early biography, but it is none the less true that, in general, we have a weary waste of ecclesiastical eulogies, which is only occasionally lightened by the grace of a Walton or the wit of a Fuller.

Mr. Stauffer, himself disheartened perhaps by the plethora of religious unctuousness, struggles to unearth the secular, and he introduces us to some very entertaining figures, such as Lady Anne Halkett and Lady Anne Fanshawe and the iniquitous Stephen Marshall, whose "Life" is an uproarious parody of the more pietistic biography. But we are still forced to conclude that our ancestors were too afraid of the hereafter to look upon biography as anything other than a means of teaching how souls might be saved. Though many interesting works were produced, among them nearly every type of biography, their scope and their aim were too narrow; it remained for later ages to show how vital and how absorbing could be the lives of more various and more edifying, if less holy, personages, from Bamfylde Moore Carew, the king of the gypsies, to Isadora Duncan.

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Books of Special Interest

French Dramatic Literature

A HISTORY OF FRENCH DRAMATIC LITERATURE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: The Pre-Classical Period (1610-1634). By HENRY CARRINGTON LANCASTER. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. 1929. 2 vols.

Reviewed by WILLIAM A. NITZE
University of Chicago

STRANGE as it may seem, we still lack an adequate history of French Classical drama. There is, of course, Lanson's penetrating "Esquisse de la Tragédie Française," but that, as its title shows, is a syllabus and is limited to tragedy; whereas our real need is an unfolding picture of the conflicting *genres* of tragedy, tragi-comedy, pastoral, and comedy, set forth in realistic fashion with due regard to actual stage conditions in the seventeenth century. It is gratifying to note that an American scholar, Professor Lancaster, is proceeding to fulfil this long felt need. Since the publication of his important study on tragi-comedy in 1907, he has advanced with steady step to become the historian of the French classical stage. If thoroughness is a qualification (though some readers will regret that he does not introduce more "atmosphere" and less fact), he possesses it to a minute degree, to which he weds a sense of irony and an occasional redeeming flash of humor.

The two volumes before us (they are really one since the pagination is continuous throughout the closely packed 785 pages) deal only with the pre-classical era. It is a dull period, even for the student of origins, and except for Théophile's pastoral "Pyrame"—admired and edited by Rémy de Gourmont—and the early comedies of Corneille, the literary pickings in the period are few and of slight interest to non-professional readers. At the same time, the years from 1610 to 1634 witnessed the rise of a cultivated interest in the French stage, and all students of drama will be grateful that Lancaster has had the fortitude to assemble and analyze over two hundred and fifty plays, to set them in their chronological order, and to show their bearing on the development of the theater itself. Thus this monumental study has several aspects: it is at once an introduction, a reference work for the baroque age of Louis XIII, and, finally, a history of the real foundations upon which Corneille, Molière, and Racine were to build.

English and American appreciation of French classical drama has suffered too long from brilliant but rather obvious half-truths. One of these, due to Saintsbury (who should have known better), is the slur that "Racine had an almost *unlimited* capacity for writing from models." Professor Lancaster has an opportunity definitely to silence such misconceptions, if in his succeeding volumes he will put into high relief not only the share that belongs to "imitation" but particularly that which springs from the creative impulse of individual genius.

For this, it must be granted, there was little chance in this introductory era. Here playwright after playwright is toiling with his medium, for which there are no rules and hardly any doctrine. Richelieu did not return to power until 1624, and the great cardinal's interest in the theater was an important factor. Moreover, the Hôtel de Bourgogne, which had inherited the properties and partly the traditions of the "Confrérie de la Passion," was, as Lancaster makes clear, by no means in control of the "actors of the King." So that when the first "professional" dramatist appeared in the person of Alexandre Hardy, his task was apparent. Hardy built up an enormous repertory (some seven hundred plays); drawing upon Garnier, he made his plays more popular than those of his model; and, in breaking away from the lyrical tragedy of the Renaissance, he at the same time established the vogue of tragi-comedy—in essence, the dramatized novel—and more than anyone else determined its characteristics. This is no slight achievement. But Hardy is not "the father of the modern stage," and to compare him with Shakespeare is to liken Sylvester to Milton.

Italian influence in these early days manifested itself in stage decoration: the use of temples, cross-ways, arches, pyramids, and perspective (painted on a curtain stretched across the back of the stage), for all of which the model seems to have been Serlio; but the *genre* in which these appeared was the pastoral, imitated from such works as Tasso's "Aminta" and Guarini's "Pastor Fido." Hardy had cultivated this *genre*, and it was to survive the generation of 1630 and play a leading part, according to Lancaster, in the acceptance of the unities. But the fact that the poets Racan and Théophile took up the pastoral led to an emphasis on emotion, rather than plot, and an elevation of tone in the drama as a whole. If they, who were noblemen well-known at court, wrote for the stage, "no other persons of good birth need hesitate to do so."

Thus, by 1625, the stage was attracting not only writers of repertory but persons of note and poetic talent as well. One of these, recently arrived in Paris from Besançon, was Jean Mairet. During the following ten years his name leads all others in the history of the French stage. The unfortunate part he took in criticizing Corneille's "Cid" in 1637 definitely dimmed his fame—a fact that might have astonished him greatly in 1634, for then he was the outstanding figure both in the number of significant plays he had produced and in the influence he wielded as to style and dramatic technique. It was Mairet, far more than Corneille, who "established the classical system." In restoring Mairet to his niche in the temple of fame, Professor Lancaster has made his greatest contribution in the present two volumes.

Mairet's "Chryséide" in 1626 is a typical tragi-comedy. But the setting, partly in the woods, partly in a park, remind us of the pastoral. Indeed, besides Théophile's "Pyrame," its chief source was D'Urfé's novel, the "Astrée," that fountain-head of *motifs*, from which no less than "eight tragi-comedies and parts of many others" were derived. This item is worth noting. For not only was Mairet's attention focused on tragi-comedy and its half-sister, *la tragi-comédie pastorale*, but his contemporaries, Dy Ryer, Auvray, and Rotrou, followed his call. Hardy's hold on the stage was now shaken. Young dramatists unite for the first time in what may be called a *cénacle*. Paris triumphs over the provinces in the production and the printing of plays. Most important of all, the Hôtel de Bourgogne is leased to a permanent troupe, and Richelieu takes an active interest in the stage. Finally, Rotrou's "Bague de l'Oubly," for which Lancaster fixes the date as 1629, is a romantic comedy, with an original vein of fancy, and also the earliest French play taken from a Spanish dramatic source, Lope de Vega.

The recognition of the drama as a respectable art is at hand. By 1630 France has an established theater, with any number of actable plays. Surveying the output, Lancaster observes:

> Some are packed with incident, others are comparatively simple. Some lay stress on analysis of sentiment, on psychological struggle, others on the supernatural, on the lyrical element, on the spectacular, or the comic, pushed at times to indecency. The question is which type will prevail and what influences will determine the future.

Here we come upon the three weird sisters of dramatic technique: the unities. The current view is to assign the introduction of them to the influence of Chapelain, whose career as a critic and academician had the support of Richelieu. This view Lancaster combats. And, realistically, he seeks his evidence in the drama itself. No dramatist in France, he says, between 1607 and 1628, mentions any such rules. On the other hand, freely interpreted, the unities are observed in the Italian pastorals, the "Aminta," "Pastor Fido," and Bonarelli's "Filli di Sciro." It was there that Mairet found them when in 1629, while living at the home of Richelieu's enemy (!) and later victim, the Duc de Montmorency, he was persuaded to write a pastoral "avec toutes le rigueurs que les Italiens ont accoutumé de practiquer en cet agréable genre d'escrire." The result was his "Silvanire," published on March 31, 1631, more than a year after it had been acted, and preceded by a preface which in significance (if not interest) is equal to the famous "Préface de Cromwell" in the nineteenth century.

> The pastoral, says Mairet, like comedy, should include prologue, protasis, epitasis, and catastrophe, and its subject should be invented, while that of tragedy should be traditional.

He then defines unity of action as the one upon which all subsidiary actions should center, and he advocates the rule of twenty-four hours, to which (though *place* itself is not mentioned) he couples the proviso that an actor speaking at Rome in the first act should not be at Athens in the second.

Mairet's rules are not exacting, as yet. But his advocacy of them initiates the movement which is to culminate in the first regular French tragedy, his own "Sophonisbe," in 1634. As for Corneille, he seems to have been blissfully ignorant of the rules until, lured by the success of his own "Mélite," he visited Paris in 1630. It was then that he learned of the twenty-four hour rule and applied it to tragi-comedy in "Clitandre." The greatest of all tragi-comedies, the "Cid," employs the unities *tant bien que mal* because in 1636 no dramatist who neglected them could hope to succeed against Mairet. Thus, according to Lancaster, vanishes "the romantic idea that the great Corneille had his wings clipped by the followers of Aristotle."

In pickingg out of Professor Lancaster's somewhat turgid analyses this line of argument, my object has been to show the solid basis upon which he builds. It is possible to advert here only briefly to the new and interesting light he throws on the development of stage technique, on the new Marais theater, rivalling the Hôtel de Bourgogne after 1630, to which Corneille and even Mairet were to entrust their plays, on theatrical properties and costumes, and on actors and actresses, like Bellerose, Marie Laporte, Mondory, and the versatile Robert Guérin, known in tragedies as La Fleur, in farces as Gros Guillaume. For these matters and for the delightful early comedies of Corneille it will repay the reader to see what Lancaster has to say. Certainly no one need harbor the illusion that Rostand's "Cyrano" gives a truthful picture of the early stage conditions in the seventeenth century.

Taken as a whole, Professor Lancaster's work is a healthy reaction against the academic view that the classical drama was primarily fashioned by literary critics. "The play is the thing"—even, or perhaps especially, in France. But the rigorous application of this method involves also a peril: that of failing to see the woods on account of the trees. Doubtless, Mairet's practical application of the unities was inspired by the Italian pastoral. At the same time, Mareschal, whom Lancaster cites for his opposition to them, lets fall a remark to which Lancaster might have given some attention. He says, "Il faut d'autres moyens pour atteindre la vraysemblance" (cf. Marsan, "La Pastorale Dramatiques Française"). Thus, what apparently lay back of the unities was the time-old question of verisimilitude. After all, the important thing is not the rules but their effectiveness in bringing the drama close to life—in making it seem true. This must have been a problem to the early seventeenth century dramatist, struggling with the multiplex stage setting of the Hôtel de Bourgogne and especially with the episodic tragi-comedy. It is probably Lancaster's intention to reserve this question for future treatment in his chapter on the "Cid." Meantime, his failure to go into it here is the one dramatic "flaw" which makes of these two volumes so human and so stimulating a work.

In Hawaii

HULA MOONS. By DON BLANDING. New York: Dood, Mead & Co. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by HELEN FOLLETT

ANYONE who can read this book and not feel tempted to throw up his job (if he has any), farm out his children, sell his furniture to the landlady, and start for the islands of Don Blanding's wandering, then—for him (see the author's lines to a bored tourist), "romance is dead, beauty is a hag, love is an idle tale . . . and glamour's gone from all the world." As for that person (unlucky soul!) who has once eaten of the fruit—literally and figuratively—of this Paradise of the Pacific, who has felt the charm of this gorgeously colorful island-country, lived within the spell of its delightful hospitality—auwe!—for him, "Hula Moons" is likely to prove as dangerously unsettling as would the sudden appearance on his desk of a free cabin passage to Honolulu in the *Malolo*.

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But in creating his background Mr. Blanding has been guilty of what some may call "stylistic outrages." He has piled on adjectives in lavish fashion; exhausted every word of color, every superlative; used similes and metaphors without restraint (some are superb, others trite and commonplace); and to an annoying extent he has repeated certain favorite words and phrases. Nevertheless he has kept his material in hand; he has brought it through to serve his purpose.

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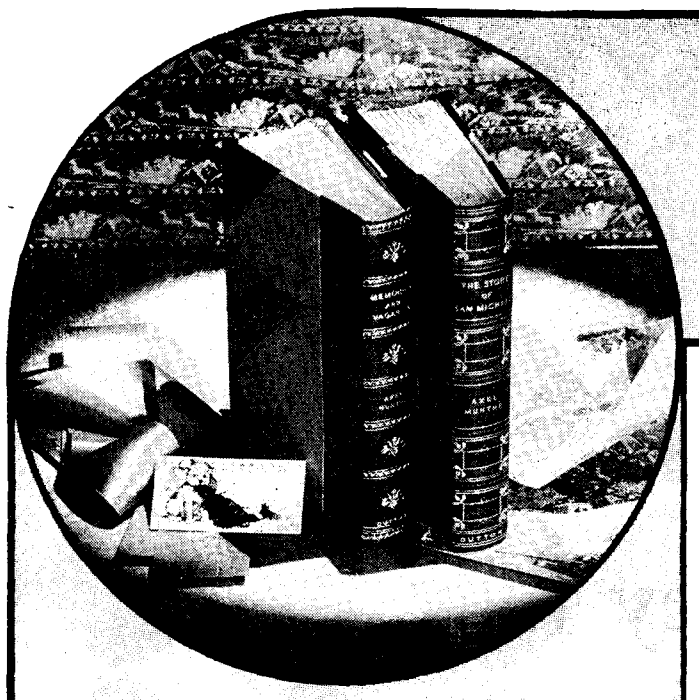

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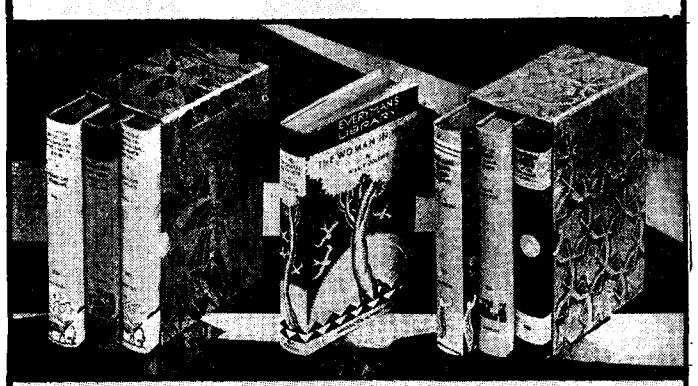

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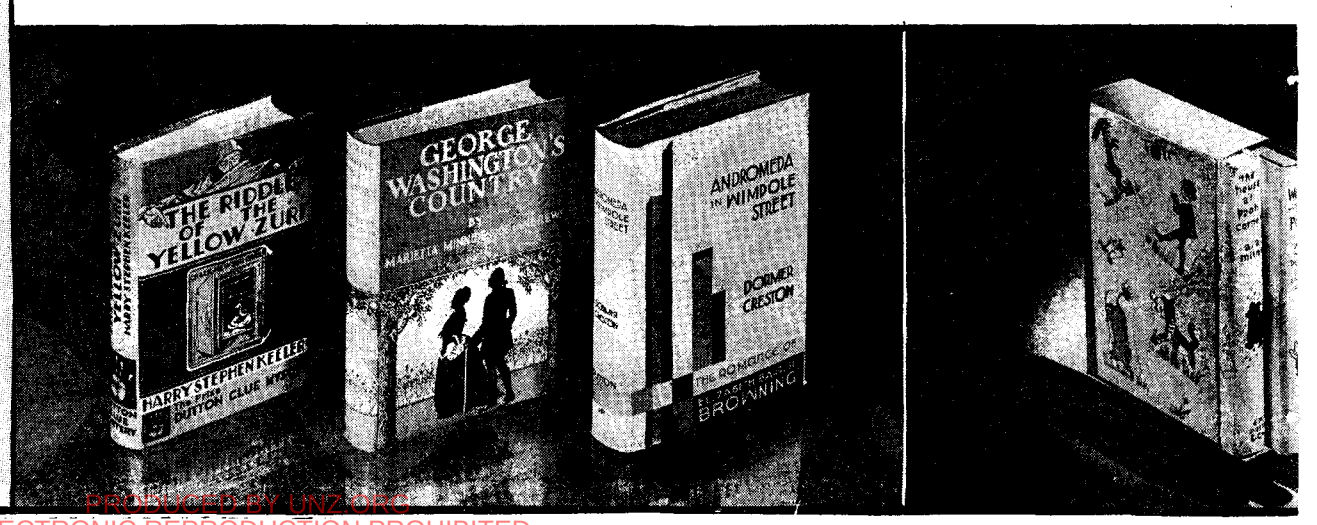

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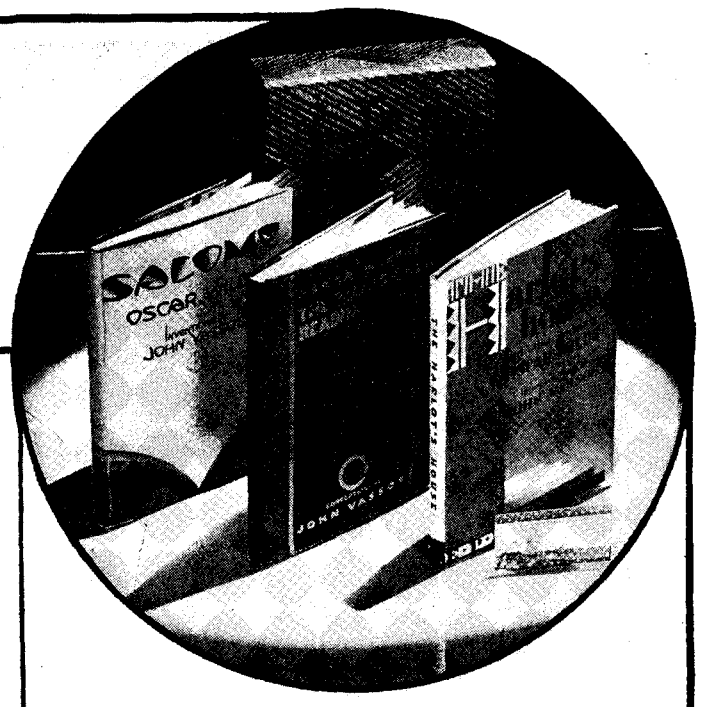

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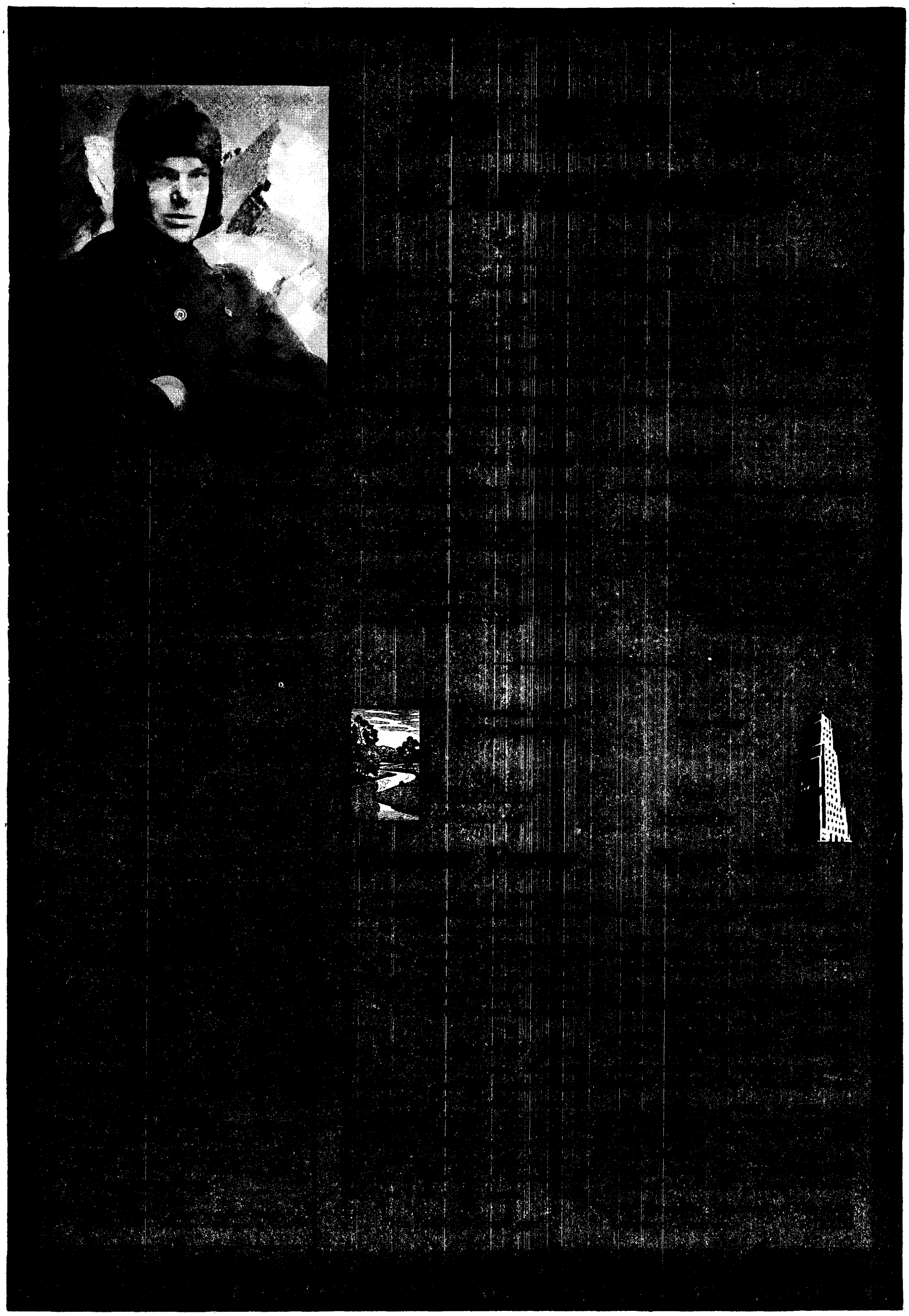

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Spanish Political Literature

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POR LA CONCORDIA. By FRANCISCO CAMBÓ. Madrid: Compañia Ibero-Americana. 1928.
LA VALORIZACIÓN DE LA PESETA. By FRANCISCO CAMBÓ. Madrid. 1929.
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LA DICTADURA MILITAR. By F. VILLANUEVA. Madrid: Morata. 1930.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS.

THE fall and death of the Spanish dictator, Primo de Rivera, has let loose an ever augmenting stream of political criticism, some of it from the pens of outstanding political leaders and army officers. On the whole, none of it is very constructive, but whatever the shade of opinion, radical or reactionary, it is uniformly supercritical of the pre-dictatorial parliamentary system, of the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera and of the present twilight period of Berenguer. The conservative-royalist Sánchez-Guerra joins hands in the same book with the outspoken republican Dr. Marañón to point out the ills from which Spain suffers. Both the Catholic-Fascist journalist, Víctor Pradera, who served on the advisory council of the dictator, and the republican liberal, General López de Ochoa, who was kicked out of the army, jailed, and exiled, join hands in condemning Primo for not having wiped out the traditional party lines in Spain. Even through the blatant, vain rationalizations of Primo, published while still in office, runs the constant consciousness that Spain's economic and social life is in a sickly state.

More than ever, it is clear that the two hinges upon which recent political events in Spain have swung are the problems of Morocco and of Catalán separatism. And, as usual, the Catalans, Francisco Cambó, former Minister of Finance, and General López de Ochoa, provide us with the clearest expositions among the books cited. In his "Por la Concordia," Camba has given a classic and clear statement of the Catalán problem, equally critical of the extreme Catalán nationalists and of the Spanish "assimilationists." The successful outcome of the activities of either extreme group can only be another and even more tragically isolated and backward Portugal. He points the way to an Iberic federal system, either under the monarchy (which is his personal preference) or under a republican system. Only in this way can Portugal be brought back into the fold, and obviously, he contends, this is the road towards Spanish political rehabilitation rather than futile colonial enterprise in Morocco. In his book "La Valorización de la Peseta," while he did not tackle the iniquitous private monopolies and scandalous concessions of the dictatorship as did Unamuno in his clandestine leaflets from Henendaye, France, nevertheless in an openly published volume before the dictator's fall, Cambó thoroughly exposed the mad financial policy of Primo, tore the mask off of his supposed economies, and showed clearly that while Primo was telling the world that Spain was balancing its budget, in reality the directorate had increased the debt by a thousand million pesetas.

But the best book of them all is that by General López de Ochoa, which combines a running account of his personal difficulties with the dictatorship with a firm treatment of the traditional problems of Catalán separatism, syndicalism, Moroccan expansion, the judiciary, and intellectual freedom. He is frankly in favor of a federal republic for Spain, in which the mancomunidad of Catalán may be revived on a semi-autonomous basis.

It is because the Catalán problem raises every political and economic issue involved in present-day Spanish life that it has aroused the fears of the monarchy, and no minister, liberal or conservative, who held office prior to Primo, long endured if he made a start toward a rational solution. Any concession to Catalán involved an extension of democracy, odious to a monarchical system headed by a king secretly absolutist in spirit. Catalán was also the fountain-head of the syndicalist movement. Primo, with his bloodthirsty aide, Martínez Anido (whom he made Secretary of State, and who ordered the secret assassination of three hundred labor and separatist leaders while in Catalonia), bought off the Catalán industrialists for his *coup d'état* of 1923 by promising a discontinuation of the terrorist activities of his secret police and a simultaneous extension of Catalán freedom from feudal imposts which had been strangling the most progressive and industrialized portion of the Peninsula. Primo continued his terrorism, but he destroyed the mancomunidad and all Catalán liberties, increased the imposts and bureaucratic exactions. Blatantly he announced that in twenty-five years these tactics would destroy the entire problem of Catalán separatism. As a matter of fact, he intensified the movement and turned it definitely into republican channels.

These recent studies show clearly that, in addition to the Catalán problem, the King wished, through the coup of Primo to avert the investigation by the Cortes of the Moroccan débâcle, for which the monarchy was so directly responsible. And while none of these volumes shows so clearly as did the articles published anonymously in French magazines by Manuel Alzaña, the brilliant editor of the now defunct *España*, the direct connivance of the king in the seizure of power by Primo, nevertheless the book by Hernández on the Moroccan situation, though by a swashbuckler imperialist, reveals the whole imbecility of the government both before and after Primo's advent in dealing with Morocco on any basis, imperialist or otherwise. Primo de Rivera, through his censorship of the press, announced to Spain a brilliant campaign which had terminated the Moroccan problem forever, and had himself named Captain General in a triumphal re-entry into Madrid, after what was, in reality, a disastrous, ill-considered retreat which cost sixteen thousand Spanish lives. Any study of the Moroccan question should, of course, include the account by Berenguer, which more than any other, reveals Spanish official and military ineptitude, the colossal graft, trafficking in arms, and debauchery of the occupation—a situation for which Berenguer was personally largely responsible. How much the King fears any probing of Morocco is revealed by the fact that Berenguer, in spite of being sentenced to twenty years imprisonment by a military court martial, in spite of these revelations, was raised in rank by the king, made head of the Palace guards, and is now Prime Minister of the realm. It is indeed a twilight moment for Spain!

One does not have to read the old-war horse conservative Republican Lerroux, or the more radical Domingo, to realize that the Primo episode in Spanish life has converted republicanism from a suave Sunday school lament into a real movement corresponding to deep sentiments of a large portion of the Spanish population. Before 1923, the King was almost sacrosanct, even for republicans; today he has lost the respect of nearly all thinking Spaniards, even of a large part of the Conservative faction, who believed in the parliamentarian system.

But no real synthesis of any live forces in Spain have yet taken place. A divided nation makes possible the irritated acceptance of a degraded political régime headed by Berenguer. Most of the present criticism comes from men associated with the equally discredited pre-dictatorial system. They have little to offer, except the fact that things are in a bad way. The Conservatives are divided over the question of the monarchy. The Cataláns are divided over the same question; the syndicalists and industrialists are still pro-Catalán and still equally bitter at each other. The republicans are divided into those purely antimonarchical and those seeking through republicanism a sound economic program. The Socialists are discredited by their quasi-collaboration with the Primo régime. The demagoguic character of Romanones, pater familias of the Liberals, is clearly delineated. The present outlook is that the Spanish ship of state will drift rudderless over the troubled sea of factional political strife, with an increasing aggravation of its more serious problems, a financial situation growing steadily worse. The monarchy is in a pretty pickle. If it accepts the leadership necessary to retrieve the situation, then it must permit the curtailment of the army and the church, both burdensomely parasitical but both providing the main support for the present system. Without them, the monarchy cannot survive. The other alternative is the present one of watchful waiting, with ultimate catastrophe ahead.

But it is significant of the confusion in Spanish political life that serious discussion still revolves around Morocco and Catalonia, rather than around the fundamental problems of capital and labor, absenteeism, the relations between church and state, the army, education, bossism (*caciquismo*), etc. In this respect, even Primo de Rivera was more courageous. But then he had no one to answer back.

Charles W. Eliot

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

WAGONS WEST. By ELIZABETH PAGE. Farrar & Rinehart. 1930. $4.

Is there any end to the literature of the 'forty-niners? Years ago it might have seemed exhausted, yet autobiographical narratives and volumes of letters are continually appearing. A large proportion of the gold hunters apparently realized that they were making history which should be recorded. The present volume is one of several evidences that the stream is at last running thin. Though edited with great care, it lacks continuous narrative interest and its historical value consists merely in a repetition, with a few new details, of what we knew before.

The book is a compilation based upon the letters of Henry Page, a young man of Vermont birth, who, after vainly seeking his fortune in Illinois, joined a company which left St. Louis in April, 1849, for the gold digging. He had quarreled with his wife before leaving, and a combination of homesickness and contrition led him to write long letters to her during the two years of his absence. He failed to strike it rich—failed so completely that it was with great relief that he received news of a legacy of ten thousand dollars from his father. But he had a healthy experience of the rough life of the Far West, and sets it all down in factually detailed and ill-punctuated letters. His party crossed to the Pacific slope by way of Fort Hall and the Humboldt Desert, and he was able to spend part of the summer of 1849 washing gold in the Bear River valley. The placer deposits contained so little that poor Henry Page thought himself lucky to have $280 in his pockets when winter began. After spending some time in Sacramento, which he hastily describes, he went for the winter of 1849-50 some fifty miles east to the Weber dry diggings, in the very district where Marshall had made the original discovery of gold. The weather, the camp outfits, the habits of his three partners, the poor returns, the price of goods, and California politics make up the staples of the letters. There is little here that is not familiar.

But if the letters are commonplace, the editing is not. Miss Page, a grand-niece of the 'forty-niner, has made her task a labor of love. Her narrative is full and careful, and is decidedly more entertaining than the epistolary matter. It is enriched by some dozens of photographs which she took on her uncle's trail.

Fiction

A RICH MAN'S DAUGHTER. By R. H. MOTTRAM. Harpers. 1930. $2.50.

This volume will certainly not enhance the enviable reputation which Mr. Mottram won by his "Spanish Farm Trilogy," but on the other hand, from Homer down, every author has the right to an occasional nod. Let us be charitable and assume that "A Rich Man's Daughter" was written during one of the author's nodding periods, and that having got a rather poor book out of his system, he will again settle down to fulfil the rich promise of his earlier work.

Not that "A Rich Man's Daughter" is without merit. The story of the author's hero, Geoffrey Skene, returned from the war to civilian life as an architect in an English provincial town, is interesting and plausible enough up to a certain point. One gets from Mr. Mottram a definite sense of the relative emptiness of life during the transition period, when men were called on to forget what for four years had seemed the whole of life and to take up again the threads that they had dropped an eternity ago. The difficulties of that adjustment are here suggested with subtle understanding. But when it comes to the character of the heroine, Olive Blythway, daughter of a war profiteer and bride of a head-wounded boy, Mr. Mottram is less happy and far less subtle. In asking the reader to follow him in the mysterious sea-change which takes place in Olive's character, he is asking too much, and the invocation of Death as a *deus ex machina* to secure a happy and respectable ending is sheer amateurish bungling. If he wanted his hero and heroine to live happy ever after he should have chosen a different situation in which to put them. Nevertheless, though the author nods, there is enough in this book of the delicate perception and compact expression of the Mottram of "The Spanish Farm" to make one look with confidence for his next volume.

DOWN THE RED LANE. By HENRI NADEL. Bobbs-Merrill. 1930. $2.50.

It is rather curious that France, which bore the brunt of the war, has not produced any war books of first importance since those of Henri Barbusse and Roland Dorgelès, which appeared during and immediately after the conflict. The reason, perhaps, may lie in the fact that the French alone have seemed more or less satisfied with the results of it all, and patriotic pride in their victory has stilled discussion of the more realistic side of the four years of national suffering. Pardonably enough, therefore, the tendency has been to try to forget what M. Barbusse and General Sherman described in identical and succinct phrase as the hell of war. Yet among the innumerable Frenchmen who fought there must be some who have memories as poignant as those of their less reticent Teuton or Anglo-Saxon comrades in arms.

M. Henri Nadel's "Sous le Pressoir" is not the best even of the few French books which purport to give some account of the average man's experiences in the trenches, but it is a straightforward document, clear and admirably free from *parti pris*, pacifistic or otherwise. It tells a simple story of how a young French student, called to the colors, kept himself whole and sane in the midst of horrors by rigorous attention to the business in hand and faith in its outcome. Neither the frightfulness nor the glamor,—if the last war can imaginably be invested with glamor,—is overstressed, so that in the end an unprejudiced picture of a common soldier's reactions to his job during training and in the trenches, is given. The book is not comparable to the better non-Gallic novels in range or depth of feeling, nor is it impersonal enough to be considered exclusively as history, nor as a mere account of how the soldier is trained and made fit to fight, yet it shows conclusively that there were some in France who without in the least possessing the military temperament nevertheless managed to make war something more than an animal business of endurance. M. Nadel retained his faith both in human nature and the life of the spirit throughout the terrible period; it is perhaps no wonder that he seems a trifle diffident in confessing the fact to us now. His friend Romain Rolland has provided a sage foreword for the American edition, the excellent translation of which is by Blair Taylor.

EVERY MOTHER'S SON. By NORMAN LINDSAY. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1930. $2.

Not all artists are du Mauriers when they turn to fiction. Norman Lindsay, who is a distinguished Australian artist, has here done a job in a new field that is by no means bad, but is certainly not a "Trilby" or even a "Peter Ibbetson." A fault that one discovers, not without irritation, is that though Mr. Lindsay is an Australian and though the scene of his book is laid in Australia, as one gathers from casual references, there is nothing essentially Australian about it and it might just as well be laid in Podunk, U. S. A., or Little Upton, England, or Beauvais-sur-Eure, France. That is, his mothers' sons and daughters are just the same kind of semi-educated, carnal-minded, lecherous young people that realistic authors in America and England and France think that young people in small towns ought to be. Thus young Robert Piper, preparing for college and life in general, gets drunk on beer and seduces the minister's daughter in the intervals of writing bad poetry and keeping a self-conscious diary; his sister Ethel is a natural-born prostitute, and his elder sister would be realistically carnal except for her inhibitions, while Millie, the minister's daughter, was seduced only in a manner of speaking, for she certainly asked for it.

Thus there is nothing new or original, still less anything distinctively Australian, in Mr. Lindsay's novel. He treads, with fair success, a well-worn path down Main Street.

FOREST OF THE HANGED. By LIVIU REBREANU. Translated from the Rumanian by A. V. WISE. Duffield. 1930. $2.50.

This book brings to American readers the work of a foremost Rumanian novelist. It is a tortuous, emotionally-bogged story, pitched against a World War background in the Balkans. Properly it is not a war book, but rather a study of a soul tortured with a sense of guilt. Apostol Bologa, a young Rumanian student, enlists in the Hungarian army as a gesture of valor to impress his cool fiancée. He serves with distinction and becomes an officer. Then as a member of a court-martial body trying a deserter, he assents in the verdict of guilt —military degradation and death by hanging. He is present at the execution; the doomed man's heroic bearing touches him deeply, and is the beginning of scruples and questionings of war as a human procedure.

When Apostol's fatherland enters the struggle on the side of the Allies, his allegiance is divided between the army for which he is fighting and the country of his birth. He remembers his dying father's plea: Never forget that you are a Rumanian. The outcome is inevitable; he deserts after much heart-searching, and in the end goes to a death by hanging.

The dramatic appeal which the work attempts to maintain is based upon this inner writhing and the *dénoûement* which will spring from it. "Forest of the Hanged" has a kind of intensity. But it is derived less from effective handling—throughout, the work is marred by an emotional excess equivalent to hysteria, and moralizing —than from the tensity and gruesomeness inherent in the subject matter.

EX-JUDGE. ANONYMOUS. Brentano's. 1930. $2.

The author with journalistic deftness seizes upon the day's news of revelations of purchased and machine-controlled judges to write a good story of the workings of the political powers in a great city. The local color of this novel is well applied, and many otherwise good citizens who have never troubled themselves with district politics or the character of the judges upon whom they vote will gain from these pages a fair idea of politics as it too often is. Generally in such an opportunely written novel the background is the main, if not the sole, interest, against which a hackneyed plot is paraded, but in "Ex-Judge" the story is worthwhile on its own account.

From the first night on which Young David Gaunt enters the Tammanela Social and Political Club, an ambitious if briefless attorney, until the ending of his career the story more than holds its own. One may occasionally wonder whether Gaunt was not too blind in failing to realize the power which was behind, above, and below his elevation to the bench, and the debt he

(*Continued on page* 401)

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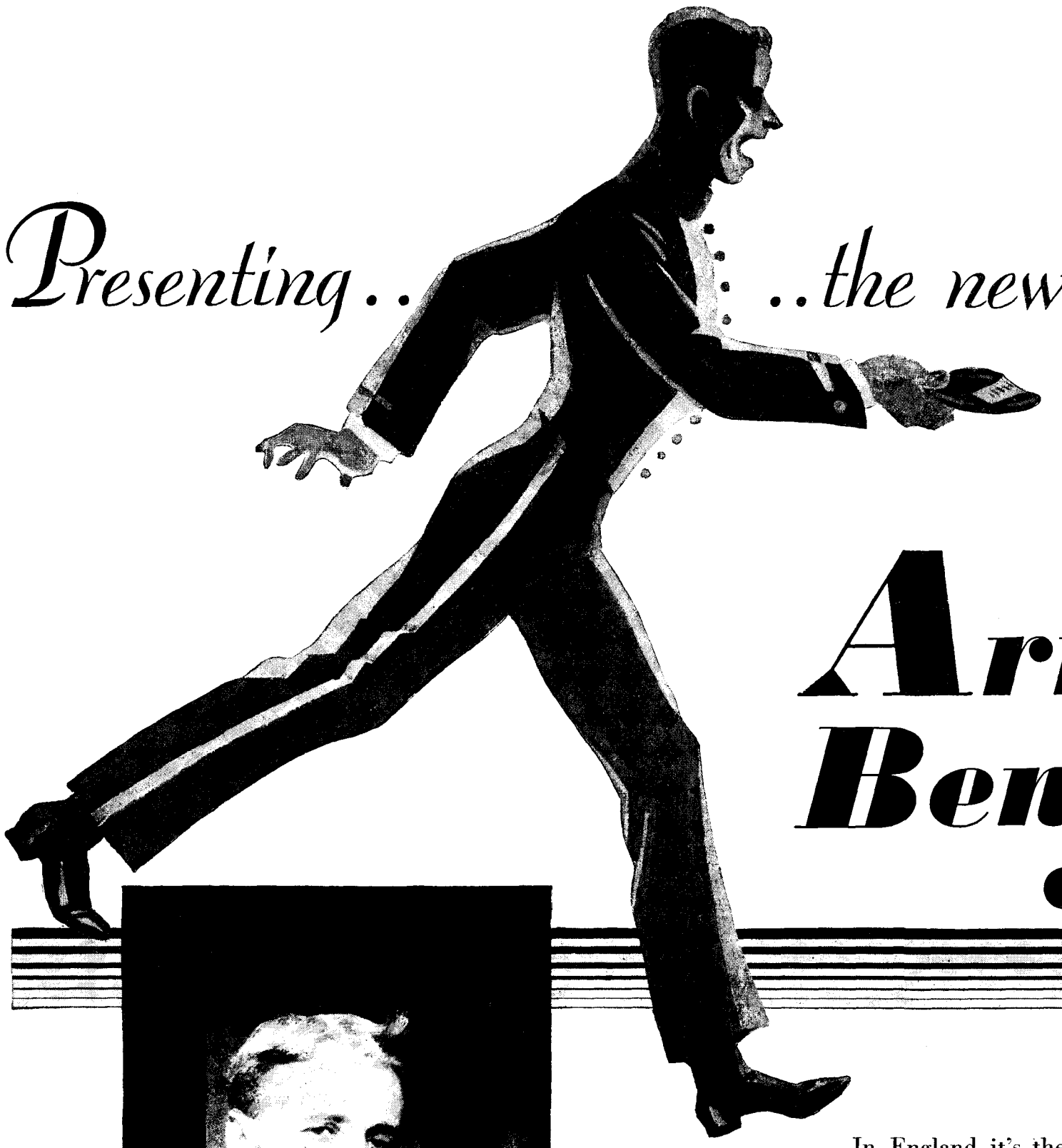

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Points of View

Exception Taken

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In your issue of September 29, Bernard Iddings Bell maintains that the increasing immaturity of graduate students is the result of modern educational methods in the schools and colleges. His article is an admirable statement of the point of view of the conservative educator, but his argument is invalidated by two gratuitous assumptions.

In the first place, he arbitrarily links increasing graduate immaturity with these methods, which begs the question. It appears to me that the situation in the graduate schools can better be explained by three modern developments: the increased number of graduate students; the tendency of colleges to select instructors less on the basis of scholarship than formerly, and more on the basis of superficial traits of personality; and the greater accessibility of advanced training to the children of the working classes. That the last-named is a factor appears from the fact that many graduate students are not young, but have had to wait until they could save money for graduate training, and also that the social tone of students and even college teachers is more plebeian than formerly. It is the men who are lacking, not their training.

In the second place, he assumed that the European curriculum provides mental discipline. Does he realize that this curriculum was created when all good literature was written in Latin and Greek, and that these languages were studied to give access to this body of literature, not to give mental discipline, which was later invented as a rationalization when the languages had ceased to be of obvious use? Did not Milton, who devised a curriculum of Latin and Greek notable for its severity, assert that Latin and Greek were to be studied not for themselves, but for the good things in them? Is it worth while to sacrifice childhood and adolescence to the study of subjects which have no practical use because they are supposed to have value as mental training, a theory which has never been proved? Professor Bell suggests the value of laboratory training. Does the mind derive scientific training from performing experiments, not to see what will happen, but to get results which the laboratory manual has told the worker that he should and must get, in order that he may describe the experiment in his notebook? Was medieval religion more "hand-me-down" than such "scientific" training?

Formerly, Professor Bell tells us, "it was assumed that people with trained minds could be trusted to acquire information on their own hook." It would be more accurate to say that formerly it was assumed that those trained in Latin and Greek grammar could be trusted to read Virgil and Aristotle for themselves; and if they did not do so, who cared? But if people can be trusted to acquire information on their own hook, why can they not be trusted to sharpen their own minds through the actual experience of living? I know of no other way.

I am holding no brief for the newer methods which Professor Bell attacks. They are imbecile. But is revolt to be only reaction to an earlier folly? When will the world learn that learning is not a discipline for the young, but the indulgence of the man of culture; not a preparation for life, but a part of life itself; that childhood is not a time of preparation for living later on, but the beginning of living in its own right; and that the child who lives most fully and richly from his infancy will have the sharpest mind and the most useful knowledge, and will be the best fitted for the harder part of life that comes when he must begin to make his own living? There is no preparation for life but life itself, and the satisfaction of the God-given instinct of curiosity is not the least part of life. But professors have isolated the intellectual part of life and have treated it as a sort of medicine. Children know their own intellectual needs better than we; and what they will not seek cannot be forced upon them. It is for us to give them opportunity. Throw aside adult conceit and face the facts, refuse to listen to the rationalizations of professional educators trying to justify their own existence; and the whole cruel farce which we call education, by which we deny life to children and force them to begin living at twenty-one without previous experience in living, thus assuring failure at the start, collapses like a house of cards.

SAMUEL LOGAN SANDERSON.
Sevierville, Tenn.

"Spirit in Evolution"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

It is some satisfaction to learn from your reviewer that my book, "Spirit in Evolution," "will undoubtedly be pleasant reading for the vast majority of humanity," though this satisfaction is qualified by the sweeping assertion that this vast majority are "utterly oblivious to logic." Presumably your reviewer belongs to that small minority who respect the rules of logic, yet I confess that I find it difficult to follow his arguments. He deprecates my not distinguishing between emotions, religious and otherwise, and "ascertained facts." But are there no "ascertained facts" with regard to the working of the human and even the animal mind? Surely the subject matter of psychology is largely the study of emotions and other psychic experiences and the relation of such experiences to physiological processes; and will not psychology itself thus be open to Mr. Berry's criticism and prove nothing but "a showy and sterile hybrid"?

Your reviewer is good enough to say that he has not observed any "serious error" in natural history in my book, and yet one of my main contentions is that the profitable investigation of animal behavior is impossible without a study of the evolution of mind, and that one cannot in any true sense understand the facts of behavior either human or animal without giving due weight to the psychic experiences underlying this behavior.

Your reviewer denies that there are in reality any upward or downward trends in the evolutionary process, and yet he maintains that "the things of the spirit are the main hope for the future progress of humanity." I heartily agree with this statement and have enforced it in every section of my book, but how is this thought of "progress" consistent with Mr. Berry's belief that there are no upward or downward trends, no valid "notion of perfection or degeneration"? Surely not only biology but a great deal of recent philosophy concerns itself with the study of the upward trend of evolution. Your reviewer affirms the "vast utility" of spiritual values, but do we not understand enough about spiritual values to know that they transcend mere utility? Beauty, truth, goodness, and love are much more than merely useful; and if we can throw any light on the way in which these spiritual values have made their appearance in the evolutionary process, this is surely a worthy object of investigation, though the mode of study may be philosophical rather than scientific in the narrow sense. These things of the spirit are not amenable to the methods of the physicist, but they are none the less real because they cannot be expressed as pointer readings.

Your reviewer deprecates putting "all our eggs—physical and spiritual—into one basket"; but in point of fact the unity of human personality has actually put them into one basket, and we cannot, to use Mr. Berry's picturesque phrase, "unscramble" them even if we would.

H. F. STANDING.

Richard Hengist Horne

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I am writing a biography of Richard Hengist Horne (1803-1884), an adventurer, journalist, critic, dramatist, poet (*Orion*, 1843, republished 1929, Scholartis Press). I shall be grateful to scholars and collectors who will communicate with me regarding any letters, original manuscripts (published or unpublished), or special information concerning Mr. Horne.

ERI J. SHUMAKER.
120 Derby Hall,
Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.

Round About Parnassus

(*Continued from page* 388)

"The Ending," "The Masque of Liverpool," and the other shorter poems of the sea, mostly Shakespearian sonnets. The most interesting thing in the book, is however, the fascination that this particular ship has had for Masefield. He even consulted several astrologers concerning her, when asked if she were "built in Eclipse and rigg'd with Curses dark?" One said, ". . . something incalculable, unexpected, and totally unforeseen would appear in her conduct every now and then," and the other, "There is something queer and weird about her, a little uncanny, maybe." Other things that they observed about her under the influence of the stars were perfectly normal.

Masefield's conclusion is that perhaps she was, after all, no more unlucky than most other ships of the day. Yet there is this:

> She was a mass of metal of more than two thousand tons, carrying more than four thousand tons across all the oceans of the world by means of the winds of heaven. Men so made her out of ore dug from the ground, that she stood the wind and sea in anger, and set her beauty in men's minds long after her bones are in the quicksand. Many ships so stood and so remain, yet she stands out from among them. Of all the many marvellous ships of that time, she moves me the most, as the strongest, the loveliest, and the one I am gladdest to have seen.

And from his conclusion in verse we would quote:

However changed upon the chain
Your shape and mine will meet again.
When ship meets ship,
Sea-wanderers, the colors dip,
The hidden then may be made plain.

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The New Books

(*Continued from page* 398)

Fiction

owed for his preferment. But newspaper men who have covered the courts will think that they recognize in Gaunt a well-defined type of judge—not the plainly venal, yet one which renders a great service to the political machine. The marriage of Gaunt to the daughter of a leader, and the swiftly-etched in picture of the successive steps of their lives is convincing. To mention the really dramatic events of the story would be largely to spoil for the reader a book which is well worth reading on more counts than one.

POOR SAP. By GEORGES DE LA FOUCHARDIÈRE. Knopf. 1930. $2.

This is a relentlessly Americanized translation of what was, in its original French version, a highly Parisian novel, by Georges de la Fouchardière, called "La Chienne." The author is the Gallic equivalent of a columnist on one of the great Paris dailies and his style is properly journalistic, regardless of the finer points and nuances of the French language. His characters are authentic, taken from the daily life of Paris, admirably drawn with a rather slapdash effectiveness more common on this side of the Atlantic than in the still all too well ordered world of French fiction. The respectable cashier tied to an unattractive wife, the girl who is "placed among her own furniture" by him, all the while adoring a terrifyingly realistic gigolo who takes her money as fast as she can get it from the cashier,—all are types sufficiently well established. But less familiar and more original is M. de la Fouchardière's tale of how the girl becomes a well known painter, a pillar of Montparnasse, while in reality the poor cashier produces the paintings which the gigolo sells for her. The end, of course, is disaster for all three, with a not unimpressive murder to finish the whole thing properly.

No one, probably least of all the author, would pretend that "La Chienne" was to be taken very seriously as an example of the modern French novel. It aims solely to present a narrative full of action, lurid enough to strike the attention, and sufficiently well motivated to be credible. This it does with undoubted success, even throwing in a certain amount of more subtle satire in the court room scenes and the portrait of the art dealer who sells Clara Wood's paintings regardless of their authorship as long as there is a demand for them.

Accepting the book on its own level, therefore, it is quite legitimate that Mr. Forrest Wilson should attempt to transfer the whole thing to America by the simple expedient of using American slang wherever M. de la Fouchardière has used Parisian,—and sometimes even where he has not. The effect is in general happy, though it seems more than odd to hear that flower of European culture, the gigolo, Dédé, speaking like an old New Yorker of "going out to a road house" for "the rum." Short of introducing a bootlegger, Mr. Wilson has done everything possible to make us feel at home. One wonders what the author thinks of his brain-child in this new raiment.

THE MONASTERY BY THE RIVER. By *Stanley Russell*. Smith. $1.25.

A NICE GIRL COMES TO TOWN. By *Maysie Greig*. Dial. $2.

"THY SERVANT A DOG." Told by *Boots*. Edited by *Rudyard Kipling*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

TWENTY OF THEIR SWORDS. By *Holmes M. Alexander*. Dorrance. $2.

Travel

BETWEEN THE RIVER AND THE HILLS. By SISLEY HUDDLESTON. Lippincott. 1930. $3.50.

Mr. Huddleston with exactitude subtitles his book "A Normandy Pastorale"; its business is to tell fully what of worth the author has found in his corner of Normandy, and why it pleases him so much more to live there than in the city. For in effect the tale of Mr. Huddleston's mill, his village, and his neighbors is a plea for the rural dweller. The delights of the changing seasons which pass unperceived in the city are extolled with feeling; the superiority of the air, the light, the food, the quiet, the animals, and the people of the country over their city counterparts is set forth with touching belief, and their attendant disadvantages are easily explained away. Mr. Huddleston knows his village of Ste. Ursule so well that it is not difficult for him to make us share his enthusiasm for its life and inhabitants. By way of contrast the story of the Parisian servant who comes to the country to find everything amiss and the quiet so pervasive that she cannot sleep is effective, while in other chapters such local institutions as the village *Orphéon* or the choosing of a *Rosière* are commemorated.

The matter of Mr. Huddleston's book is not very profound, nor does he find anything very striking to say about Normandy or life in general, despite his tendency towards philosophical digression, yet it reads pleasantly and accomplishes its purpose of acquainting us with a number of things dear to the heart of its author. Many books more ambitious,—perhaps one might include in their number one or two more citified ones by Mr. Huddleston himself,—have contained far less of lasting worth. The photographs, like the text, are not particularly original but are in tone with the author's style and accompany the text suitably.

PARIS. Photographs by MARIO BUCOVICH. Random House. 1930. $5.

Those who bear Paris in their hearts more vividly than in their minds will especially delight in this volume of magnificent photographs which will enable them to re-envisage what may have faded into tantalizing indistinctness. But anyone who has been in Paris and for the matter of that any one who has not—might well rejoice to have so handsome and interesting a book in his possession. It has, however, one serious drawback,—it evokes an acute nostalgia for Paris.

A YACHT IN MEDITERRANEAN SEAS. By *Isabel Anderson*. Marshall Jones. $4.

JUST IN PASSING. By *Harvey D. Cowee*. Troy: Snyder.

WHEN YOU GO TO HAWAII. By *Townsend Griffis*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

THE OREGON TRAIL. By *Maude A. Rucker*. Neale.

WEST VIRGINIA. By *Maude A. Rucker*. Neale.

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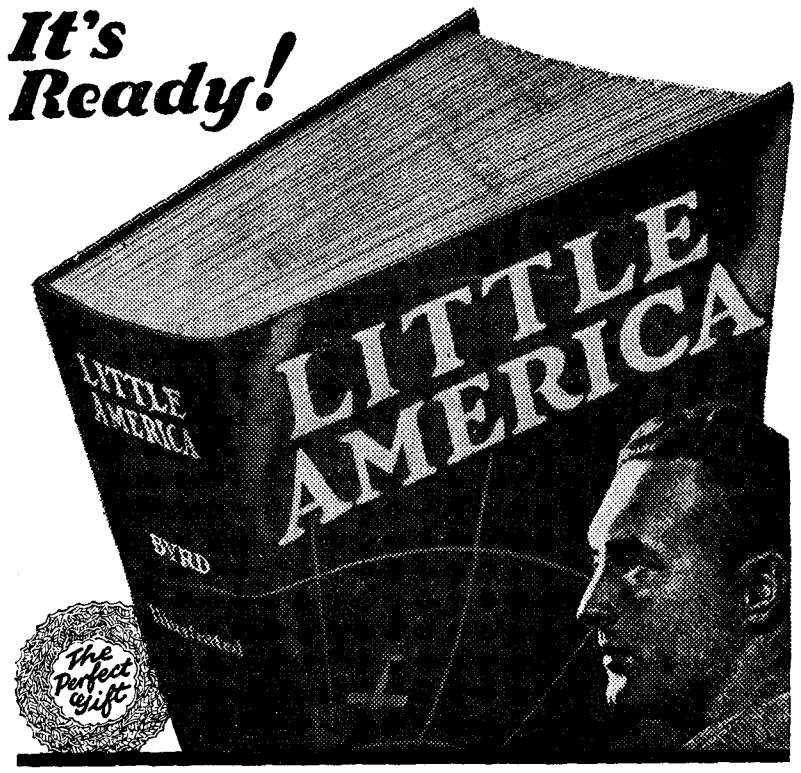

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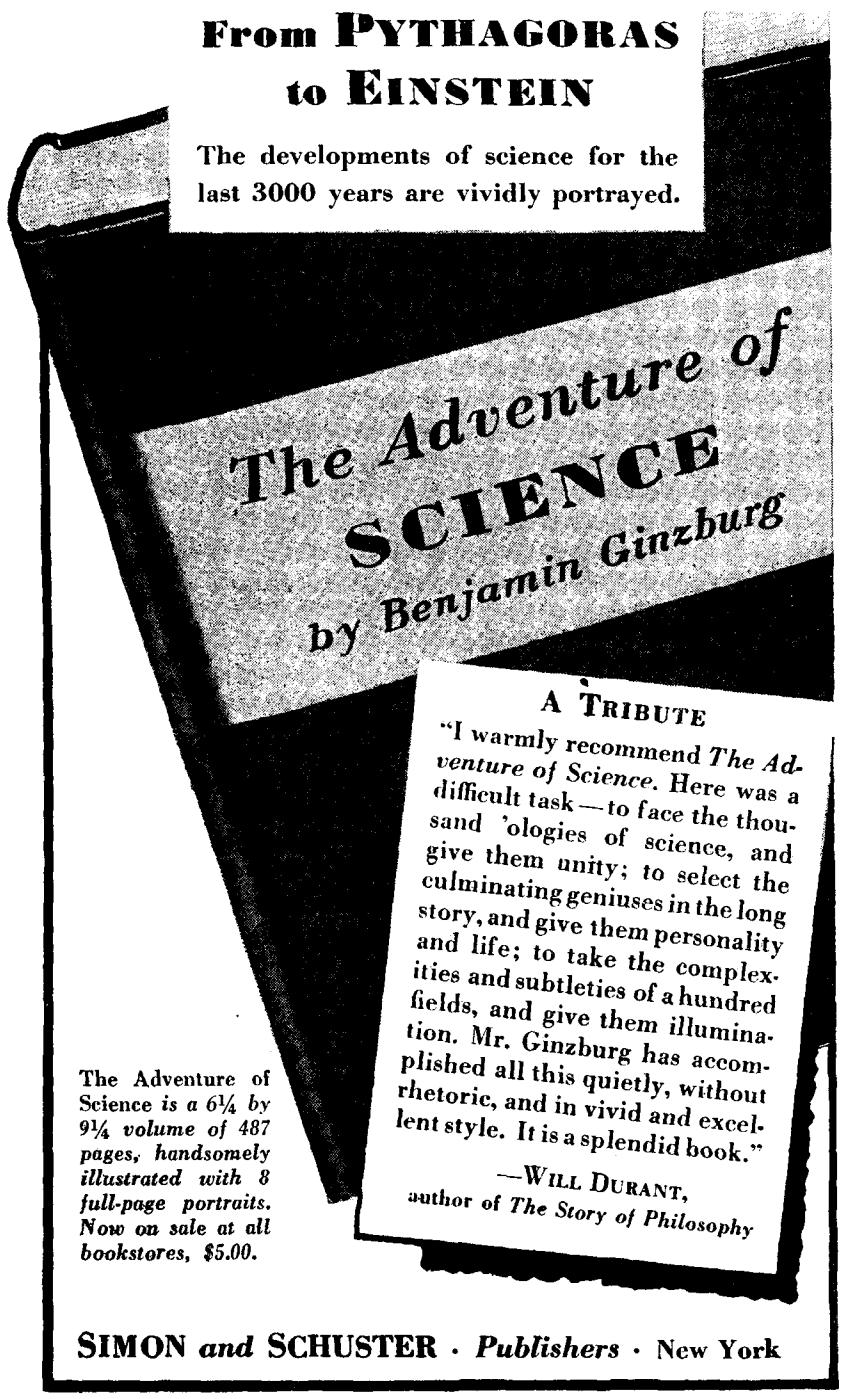

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By LAURA BENÉT

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Versatile snout
Explores an underworld, minute in size
Winding in and out.

Blind men are beggars: he a shuffling monk
In catacomb;
Whose labyrinthine tunnels darkly sunk
Are lost in loam.

In patient fury he pursues earthworms
To mouldy doom,
Securing thus for long untroubled terms
Peaceful houseroom.

Features forever destinies assert
Carving deep furrows.
True to his type, Diogenes in dirt
Blithely he burrows.

Reviews

A BAKER'S DOZEN. By MARY GOULD DAVIS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by BERTHA E. MAHONY

THE last twenty-five years have seen the renewal and growth of an ancient art indigenous to America in the life of the Indians—the art of story-telling. The children's departments of the public library have restored this art to its honorable position, and the Carnegie Library at Pittsburgh, and the Public Libraries of New York and Boston have led the way, while the rest of the country has constantly added to what is now a fairly numerous procession. A children's librarian today is usually a story-teller as well.

It was almost ten years ago that this reviewer spent a memorable morning in one of the New York Library branches. All the story-tellers were gathered together there for a festival of stories for themselves. At the call of Miss Anna Tyler, then the Supervisor of this work, one young librarian after another rose and told her favorite tale. The program was drawn almost entirely from folk-lore, the literature which is most truly the story-teller's own because it has been created in the process of telling. The stories represented many nations and yet all had a common, a universal quality; simple, sturdy, and everlasting they seemed like ancient oak rubbed smooth by time.

Today I can mention only one of the stories in that morning's program, but other impressions are vivid enough and will always remain: the simplicity, sincerity, and charm in the manner of telling; the invariable distinction of the selection; the strength, drama, humor, often grandeur and beauty of these ageless stories. While they were of all people, they had nothing to do with the commonplace. They led away into a large, windswept realm of the spirit. They were of the substance, and they created the atmosphere, out of which poetry grows. And every one of these librarian-trouvères stood for hundreds of children in her region who had been refreshed, yes, even re-created by these tales heard week after week in a place associated chiefly with delight.

It is from this stirring background that Mary Gould Davis has selected the tales which make up her volume, "A Baker's Dozen, Thirteen Stories to Tell and to Read Aloud." Miss Davis is the Supervisor of Story Telling in the New York Public Library, and a more joy-giving position is hard to imagine. Every story in her collection has been told again and again to the children who frequent the Library Story Hours and has stood the test of their interest and approval. Seven of the stories are folk tales. The other six are drawn from recent contemporary sources. The modern stories Miss Gould has chosen hold their places strongly with the traditional story, introducing into the collection the delicate fancy of Laurence Housman; the richly imaginative, musical, prose poetry of Carl Sandburg; Frank Stockton's genial, inimitable stories of whimsical and absurd exaggeration.

People in times and countries less consciously civilized than ours have realized the teaching power of the story, dynamic because closely associated with joy. Indian braves were raised in strength, dignity, and courage by means of the myths and legends of their race and "The Legend of Scarface" is one of the most beautiful in Miss Davis's collection. The princes of ancient India were taught by means of stories, many of them from the sacred books of the Buddhists and Miss Davis has included "The Hare That Ran Away," a Buddha rebirth story, a fine version of the familiar "Chicken Little" as told by the famous English story-teller, Miss Marie Shedlock whose influence upon story-telling in America is incalculable. Miss Davis has also included "Numskull and the Rabbit" from "The Panchatantra," a Sanskrit book of stories and poems on "the wise conduct of life." The light and shadow of character, the wit, wisdom, and humor of dialogue are felt with special force and drama when listening to "The Stone Lion" from Tibet, "Hungry Hans" out of Swiss folk lore and the Finnish "Mighty Mikko." Pattern and strange eerie atmosphere are produced by the Uruguayan "Hungry Old Witch," a tale Miss Davis suggests for Hallowe'en.

Of course, the value of "A Baker's Dozen" for the story-teller is obvious. Here are thirteen strong, varied stories ready to her hand. For children's own reading the book is bound to be successful. But I should like to emphasize its pleasure and value for those parents who save time each day for reading aloud. It seems strange that with all the will o' the wisp interests people follow, almost no mothers embark on the fascinating and enriching pursuit of story-telling, for their own pleasure as well as for the good of their children. Those who play some instrument know that it is only when a composition has been completely memorized that the player develops richness and beauty. So it is with the story. The spoken story reveals much that children miss when reading to themselves. Then the story's design stands clear, the difference in character and type of persons is felt with dramatic force, the very essence of the dialogue's meaning is expressed. Then only is the complete beauty of words felt and their power to create images in the imagination and stir the soul. I shall never forget the revelation of Miss Shedlock's telling of the Hans Andersen stories.

While schools have been busy with a steadily enlarged curriculcum, and much blowing of trumpets for this system or that, the Public Libraries the country over have without any banging of cymbals whatever, brought back that greatest of teachers —the story-teller. May the strength and charm of the stories in "A Baker's Dozen" inspire others to adventure with sincerity, belief in the story's high purpose,—and art —in the field of story-telling.

TOMORROW'S HOUSE, or The Tiny Angel. By GEORGE O'NEIL. Illustrated by Rose O'NEILL. Dutton. 1930. $2.50

Fanciful is the term that seems best to describe this rather disjointed fairy tale, which moves through a non-dimensional region somewhere between earth and sky, with occasional planetary excursions. From the moment that the Tiny Angel enters with shining spear and armor and begins to talk about the hours, one suspects an allegory somewhere, but whatever intention Mr. O'Neil may have had in this direction is concealed beneath so many silvery trappings as to be invisible. In pursuit of Tomorrow's House there are visits to strange stars and encounters with various imaginary beings but in the end we are left rather wondering what the whole story is about. The forest of fountains, the grapes of joy, the apples of delight, the Heavy-footer, and the Serpent of Wisdom all seem to belong to the grown-up fantasy rather than the child's fairy tale. Children will be apt to find the story bewildering and be a little puzzled by the author's breathless flights. The most fantastic fairy tale must, to be convincing, have somehow a contact with the solid earth, a tangible and familiar topography. Mr. O'Neil's background of new stars and planetary highways is chilly and uninviting, and the only moment when Thunderstruck, the pocket-size magic steed, becomes really endearing is when he descends to earth and distracts the attention of the hounds so as to give the hunted fox a rest.

The title-page and end papers are very

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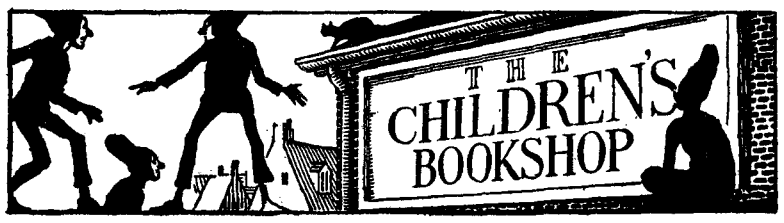

attractive and Rose O'Neill has done excellent work in the illustrations, which are full of humor and drollery and convey a very sense of the Lilliputian, though her conception of the hero David as a fat and precocious infant is a little at variance with his part in the tale.

BOY'S BOOK OF EXPLORATION. By J. HARRIS CABLE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS concise narrative of human exploration from the days of Hanno and Nearchus has the principal merits that such a book should possess. It is sober in tone, with no concessions to a false idea of vividness; it is substantially accurate—there are errors in detail, but none of them serious; it is comprehensive and well-proportioned; and it is illustrated with some good first-hand sketch maps. The book might easily have been much fuller. In places it is decidedly skimpy, particularly where it deals with the history of geography; there is no mention of Strabo or Ptolemy, of Raleigh or Margalhaes, of David Thompson or Jedediah Smith. But its very brevity is in one sense an advantage, for its detail might, if it were greatly enlarged, confuse young readers.

As the book stands, it offers an excellent introduction to a large and fascinating subject. The young reader, if he be a bright lad, will know just what idea the ancients had of the world; what Marco Polo and Vasco da Gama did; just how much of the American coastline Verrezano saw, and just how far into the interior of the country La Salle penetrated. He will know that Mungo Park was the first to explore the upper Niger, and that Frobisher was in Hudson's Bay before Hudson was, and that the name of Patagonia was bestowed by Magellan. The book ends with a full account of recent Arctic and Antarctic explorations, in which Peary, Amundsen, Scott, Shackleton, Wilkins, and Byrd all share. It is the sort of volume that many a youngster will find his father spending a furtive half hour in perusing.

THE YELLOW BIRD. By KATHLEEN FIELD. New York: Oxford University Press. 1930. $2.

TRADING EAST. By FREELOVE SMITH. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by DUDLEY CAMMETT LUNT

"BABIES" announced Doctor Johnson, "do not want to hear about babies; they like to be told of giants and castles, and of somewhat which can stretch and stimulate their little minds."

The rule of the learned Doctor's thumb condemns "The Yellow Bird." It is a curious but by no means uncommon phenomenon to encounter such a book as this. It is the current equivalent of "Goody Two Shoes." The *motif* is peace. Giraldo, the boy Prince of Venorra, learns the secret of peace along with patience, compassion, and other virtues from Pablo, the wise man of the Happy Isles, and with the aid of a hundred yellow finches he teaches it to the warring nobles of his kingdom. There is lacking in the tale any quality of fantasy, of mystery, or adventure which would save it from dulness and one is left with a thinly disguised and unpalatable bit of moral instruction.

Moral instruction for the young has always been in large measure a keynote of their literature. If the tale is good the young read it, enjoy it, and miss the moral; if bad they simply do not read it. And it is quite possible to make your moral adorn a real tale.

One beautiful morning in summer, as Master Harford, the only son of a gentleman of large fortune, in the North of England, was riding out, followed by Gregory Grizzle, an ancient domestic, who had been many years before the birth of this young gentleman, in the service of the family, they observed a young female, sitting under a hedge crying most bitterly. . . ."

I quote from the opening paragraph of "The Witch, or The Triumph of Humanity," author unknown, and published by T. Hughes on Ludgate Hill in 1825. This appears to and it does open up a real story despite a stiff injection of moralization. Contrast it with the opening of "The Yellow Bird":

Where the sun welds the land and sea in southern Europe there was once a tiny kingdom. The King who was a saintly, peaceful man had little success in ruling the warring people of Venorra. . . .

After the cramping effect of bringing peace to Venorra with little Prince Giraldo and his little yellow birds, it was a pleasure to stretch one's mind and stimulate the imagination in "Trading East." Here the writer had a real course to steer by—"Hakluyt's Voyages." It is a tribute to those ancient chronicles that the books based upon them—and there are many that have passed under the nose of this reviewer—are all readable. In this aspect "Trading East" is no exception. True, the yarn of the lusty lad who rescues his sweetheart's brother from slavery among the Turks is as thin as any current cinema plot. Again, this lusty lad indulges in a superfluity of "gadzooks" and "ods galligaskins." Yet there is the zest of pushing on into far countries and the lure of what lies beyond the next hill. This holds a boy's interest with a sure grip, be the explorer Sir Martin Frobisher or be he Admiral Byrd.

THE FORK IN THE ROAD. By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE. Illustrated by the author. New York: The Century Co. 1930. $2.

LAND SPELL. By GLADYS HASTY CARROLL. Illustrated by WILLIAM SIEGEL. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $1.75.

JUDITH LANKESTER. By MARJORIE HILL ALLEE. Illustrated by HATTIE LINGSTREET PRICE. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

GIRLS' books, as a rule, are all too apt to be thought sufficiently equipped for life with a thread of story, a little (which is too much) sentimentality, and a superficial romance. It is interesting and encouraging to find a group of three recent stories for girls which are genuinely interested in character; which, indeed, have been written with that feature especially in mind. And how much more satisfying they are than what usually comes to hand!

"The Fork of the Road" is a study of devoted twin sisters who are distressed by their own marked difference in temperament and interests, exaggerating and misunderstanding its significance. Without affecting their mutual loyalty, each ultimately finds fulfilment of her desires and abilities in different ways, to which the author finds roads that involve good plot development. Not the least valuable element of the book is the description of the Glenways' lovable home and the family circle which cares so deeply for it. The book is well written, with many touches of naturalism and humor.

The theme of a home and a strong feeling for it is the foundation also of "Land Spell," with this variation: here it is a question of a farm with its inherently trying demands, and of the division in the large family between those who are, like the father, under the spell of the farm and willing to live its difficult life, and those who must be allowed to break these bonds and go their own way. Aside from these character studies the most interesting parts of the book concern, first, a mysterious visitor in the shape of a young girl whose arrival and absorption into the farm household is involved with the story of another lover of the land—a titled estate, this time, far away in England; and, secondly, the tactful training of a young fourteen-year-old to the realization by painful experience that she is not yet ready for self-support in the city. Credulity is strained over an amateur aeroplane crossing from London to Canada, but this may be forgiven for the other good and varied elements in the book.

One other story, "Judith Lankester," should be mentioned here. Its heroine is obliged to find the determination and endurance to change herself from a petted member of a luxurious Southern household to a self-supporting learner in the hard-working family ways of pioneer Indiana of the 1840's. She succeeds, and, though this account is somewhat more conventional as a character study than either of our first two books, the story has many other elements of interest and is written with ability.

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THE FLEURON, A Journal of Typography. Edited by STANLEY MORISON. No. VII. Cambridge: University Press. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930.

THERE has never been a journal in English quite like *The Fleuron*, and for a very good reason. Never, since the days when type design ceased to be the flowering of great artistic impulses, until within the past ten years has there been any widespread interest in type and type forms, either on the part of the public or on the part of competent scholars. Such isolated cases as spring to mind—De Vinne and Updike among the latest—were not symptomatic of conditions generally. "Nous avons changé tout cela," especially since the war, and in that change the *Fleuron* has actively participated, partly by example, partly by precept, partly by making knowable many obscure matters. And it has treated all these minutiæ of typography with skill, knowledge, and comely form—even if at times with something of preciosity.

The contents of the present three hundred page volume include "Typography in Holland," by J. van Krimpen, "Eric Gill," by Paul Beaujon, "First Principles of Typography," by Stanley Morison, "Heinrich Holz," by Rudolph Koch, an article on the printing of the '90's by A. J. A. Symons, "The Officina Bodoni," by Friedrich Ewald, "Thomas Maitland Cleland," by D. B. Updike, "Footnotes to Book Production," by various writers, Type and Book Reviews, and a complete index to the seven volumes of the journal.

Probably the most important contribution is that on Eric Gill. It would have added to the clarity of the account if somewhat more biographical material had been furnished in definite form rather than as allusions: the very short biography in the Encyclopædia Britannica, for instance, helps a good deal to plain understanding of the man. But as an appreciation of Gill's work, especially in the field of lettering, Paul Beaujon's article is excellent. And the accessory illustrations of his work are invaluable, especially the reproductions of rubbings from incised letters. Gill is so thoroughly competent a craftsman that one turns expectantly to the type faces which he has recently designed—a sans-serif letter and a normal roman of great beauty. The former seems to me indifferently successful—but it is not easy or perhaps possible to make a really satisfactory letter for printing in that style. The German "Kabel" still seems to me the best yet achieved: in such a use as Mr. Schoulderer has made of it in his "Hellenic Greek" it is at its best—not in roman letters. But for the roman type of Mr. Gill—his "Perpetua"—much may be said. It retains, as he himself says, "that commonplaceness and normality which is essential to a good book type"—despite an unfortunate lower-case c. The larger sizes of capitals are superb monumental letters, almost completely devoid of mannerisms.

Mr. Symons in his article on the printing of the '90's in England, summarizes, for the benefit of a generation which has probably forgotten if it ever knew, the typographic work of a group of men prominent at least in their time. Whistler, Charles Ricketts, Herbert Horne, Aubrey Beardsley, and Selwyn Image, the printers Constable, Chiswick, Folkard, and Ballantyne & Hanson, the publishers John Lane and Elkin Mathews, were the outstanding names of this period. They were contemporaries of Morris: some of their work preceded his in typography, some imitated it, but in general these men of the 'nineties were the typographic successors of Pickering — without Pickering's skill and without Morris's consummate ability! Their work is mildly interesting in retrospect—just a little more interesting than the Victorian costumes which the present generation is turning to with avidity.

Mr. Symons's relation of the printing of the 'nineties seems to me singularly insular. The field is not well cultivated; the printing of the period is, as he says, an "unacknowledged movement in fine printing," but unless the contemporary movement in this country is considered, half the story is untold. For to omit, in a consideration of the "typography of the eighteen-nineties" any reference to such American exemplars of the same spirit as Way & Williams, Stone & Kimball, Copeland & Day, is to omit an important part of the record. And it is indeed strange to omit any reference whatever to the two most brilliant examplars of the whole school, Mr. Rogers and Mr. Updike, whose work derives, orginally at least, quite as much from Pickering and Whittingham as from Morris! And, furthermore, it was Mr. Updike who as long ago as 1902 spoke of the work of Messrs. Horne and Image as possessing "this happy quality of style and elegance."

There is not space here to pursue at length the manifold attractions of this fine volume. But mention must be made of a feature which has distinguished the *Fleuron* in the past, and distinguishes the present number—the intelligent consideration of new type forms. Nowhere else can so much sound criticism of type design be found. Adequate specimens of the best fonts produced since the previous issue are presented, not alone in the traditional isolated lines and words, but by means of inserted brochures printed in the types surveyed.

There are also the usual book reviews, and a complete index to the seven issues of the *Fleuron* has been provided from the hand of Mr. A. F. Johnson. The printing of this issue is from the competent hand of Walter Lewis of the University Press in Cambridge (England). There have been printed 1,000 copies on common paper and 210 on English hand-made, the latter containing some refinements in the illustrations.

I have had occasion before to refer to the sensible plan of the projectors of the *Fleuron* in limiting the issues to seven numbers. Yet now that the final issue has appeared one realizes the invaluable position which the journal has held. There is now no critical and competent medium in English for the dissemination of knowledge at periodic intervals concerning type and immediately cognate matters. Unfortunately there are no scholars in this country able to revive *Ars Typographica*, which otherwise might fill the position vacated by the *Fleuron*. But for what Messrs. Symons and Morison have done we can be profoundly grateful.

R.

Auction Sales Calendar

SOTHEBY & Company, London. December 1: Manuscripts and Books by and about Samuel Butler, for the most part formerly the property of the late Henry Festing Jones, now the property of A. T. Bartholomew, Esq., co-editor of the Shrewsbury edition of the complete works of Samuel Butler. Although the books do not include first editions of "The Ways of All Flesh" and "Erewhon," they are interesting as association copies: many have manuscript notes and corrections, while others have long notes by Bernard Shaw laid in. The most important is Butler's own copy of his "Ex Voto," London, 1889, one of two copies printed, with long autograph additions and corrections in his handwriting; and his copy of Shakespeare's "Sonnets" with his autograph notes. According to the prefatory note in the sale catalogue, the manuscripts "include characteristic examples of [Butler's] work in varied fields, philosophical, satirical, Odyssean, Handelian—as well as specimens of those biological speculations whose originality and importance have only lately won recognition." Aside from the manuscripts in this collection, nearly all the others are either already in public libraries or collections, or have been promised to such institutions.

American Art Association-Anderson Galleries. December 2nd-3rd: The Library of the Hon. Frederick W. Lehmann, of St. Louis. The chief feature of the sale is the Dickens collection, one of the most important that has come up in several years. In

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addition to first editions of the novels, this group includes: a leaflet of four pages, "East London Hospital for Children," apparently the only copy known, with the misprint "Chilrden" in the title; "The Strange Gentleman," with the Phiz frontispiece that appears in few copies; "Is She His Wife?," one of three known copies; the corrected proof-sheets of Dickens's speech as chairman at the anniversary dinner of the Royal Free Hospital, with corrections and additions; three original drawings, probably done by him; a set of the Christmas books, with the first issue of "The Battle of Life"; the 1860 issue of the "Hospital for Sick Children: Drooping Buds"; the corrected proof-sheets of one number of "The Gad's Hills Gazette"; "The Message from the Sea," and "No Thoroughfare," by Dickens and Wilkie Collins; and the Leslie painting of Mrs. Bardell fainting in the arms of Mr. Pickwick. The other books in the Lehmann library are largely first editions of American authors: Hawthorne's "Fanshawe," 1828, "The Sister Years," of which about six copies are known, and the original autograph manuscript of his outline of the "Dolliver Romance"; an autograph presentation copy of Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," privately printed at Cambridge in 1875, from the author to Thomas Hughes; Bret Harte's "Mliss," New York, 1873; both series of Emerson's "Essays," 1841-1844; Thomas Jefferson's own copy of the Acts of Virginia with his autograph manuscript annotations; the autograph manuscript of Walt Whitman's "The Sobbing of the Bells;" Whittier's "Legends of New England," 1831, "Moll Pitcher," 1832, "Justice and Expedience," 1833; R. H. Dana's "Two Years before the Mast," New York, 1840, in the earliest binding; and several volumes bound by Cobden-Sanderson, Miss Prideaux, and Cedric Chivers. G. M. T.

The total amount realized at the sale held November tenth by Mr. Charles F. Heartman was $5,257.00. Several of the books with the prices they brought are given below:

Thomas Anbury's "Travels through the Interior Parts of America," London, 1789, $61.00.

Bishop Berkeley's "Sermon Preached . . . Feb. 18th, 1731," London, 1732, $112.50.

Eight tracts by John Cotton, London, 1642-1651, $155.00.

Antonio de Herrera's "General History of the . . . West Indies," London, 1725-26, $125.

Franklin Langworthy's "Scenery of the Plains," 1855 (bought by Lathrop C. Harper) $72.50.

John Knox's "Historical Journal," 1769, $132.50.

"A Proclamation for Reformation," London, 1623, $225.00. G. M. T.

The sales for December at these galleries include:

December 4th: Drawings from the collection of Mr. V. Winthrop Newman, of New York City. These original drawings include work by Morland, Rowlandson, Millais, Blake, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Lawrence, Gainsborough, Landseer, Veronese, and Michaelangelo.

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ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET
author of THE ART OF THINKING

When *The Inner Sanctum* is asked about the state of business these days, it invariably quotes the reply of the Hollywood cinema magnate: "*Colossal—but it's beginning to pick up!*"

For several days your correspondents have been investigating the legendary story of the book-dealer whose sales increased fifty per cent last week: *he sold eight apples!*

In this year of grace a book that can sell a thousand copies a month is a best-seller; a thousand a week is virtually a miracle. What is one to say, therefore, about a book that can—*and does*—consistently average ONE THOUSAND COPIES A DAY right through the Slough of Despond? Two such books adorn the current list of *The Inner Sanctum:* ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET'S one-dollar reprint [issued by the original publishers from their own plates] of *The Art of Thinking* . . . and ROBERT LEROY RIPLEY'S one-dollar reprint [*ditto*] of *Believe It Or Not!*

Meantime *The Story of Philosophy* marches onward to its fifth hundred thousand . . . dateless classics like *Bambi—A Life In the Woods* [still published at the original price] sell faster than some current best-sellers . . . the newest *Cross Word Puzzle Books* [seventeenth and eighteenth series—the second checquered million] are stabilizing and perpetuating the frenzy of 1924 . . . and new books of the present season, like *Bring 'Em Back Alive*, *The Psychology of Achievement*, *In Defence of Sensuality*, *Casanova's Homecoming* and *I Am Jonathan Scrivener*, go through edition after edition. . . .

For these blessings of the noun-and-adjective markets . . . for the conducting of ARTURO TOSCANINI, the mad verses of OGDEN NASH, the audacities of PETER ARNO, the triumph of ARTHUR SCHNITZLER and the retreat of JOHN SUMNER, this column lifts up the heartfelt and fervent thanks of

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WILLIAM WATSON, the latest honorary citizen of American literature (he was elected a member of the American Academy the other day) is glowingly eulogized by *Dr. Ronald Macfie* in the London *Observer*. Dr. Macfie says:

"His craftsmanship is perfect. Even as one cannot find a badly fitting word in his poems, so one cannot find imperfections in metre or rhythm. In one of his admirable talks on poetry, *Mr. J. C. Squire* urges that verse should flow smoothly and naturally if spoken in speech rhythm. That seems to me an essential of poetic art, and I would point out that in that respect Watson's work is perfect, and probably equalled only by one living poet, and by *Gray*.

"If we turn to another side of poetry and appraise Watson by his metaphors and similes—quite a good test of imaginative vigor—we find that no poet in the English language has metaphors and similes more glowing, illuminating, and original.

"It has been said—and there may be some truth in it—that he lacks color, and temperament, and passion. His work is the work rather of a sculptor than of a colorist; but he at least works in marble with the exquisite precision of a *Praxiteles*, and in gold and bronze and ivory with the sublimity and ethos of a *Phidias*. Nor is he always lacking in color and temperament and passion. There are plenty of lava and scoriæ on his pages, and his Purple East is as purple as a thunder-cloud and full of lightning. Only, he is a great poet, and passion in his hands is as law-abiding as beauty.

"No one, then, with any real appreciation of poetry as a high art and as a medium of intellectual and emotional expression can read Watson's poetry without wonder, admiration, and gratitude. How much the world has lost by discouraging his genius it is impossible to say; but the writer—a lesser poet with like ideals—knows too well how enthusiasm can be damped and inspiration choked by indifference, and by ignorant, or indolent, or cowardly criticism.

"England can never atone for these years of neglect and depreciation, but before the great poet leaves the country he has loved and served so well, Englishmen have at least an opportunity to show him a little gratitude and honor—gratitude and honor to the poet, who, in his own words,

with constant heart
And with no light or careless ministry
Have served what seemed the Voice; and unprofane,
Have dedicated to melodious ends
All of myself that least ignoble was;

to the poet who wrote of

The England from whose side I have not swerved,
The immortal England whom I too have served,
Accounting her all living lands above,
In Justice and in Mercy and in Love."

We wish to print in part a letter from *Alan Frederick Pater* concerning a publication known as *The Poet and Critic*. A week or so ago we printed a letter from a Subscriber to that publication. Now, in fairness to Mr. Pater we present his side. There really seems to have been nothing much the matter save that the copies of the magazine got lost in the mail.

I hasten to write to you in reference to the article printed in your column in the *Saturday Review* for November 8, concerning my publication "The Poet and the Critic."

As in all instances, there are always two sides to every question. In this one, you are aware of but one. Permit me, therefore, to impose upon your valuable time, and to give you the facts of the second side, in order to round out fully the entire situation.

The correspondent you mention wrote to us four times; it is true, I suppose, that she did. But we are in receipt of but one letter, which complained of not having received any issue of "The Poet and the Critic" since the subscription had begun. Upon receipt of this one letter, a reply immediately was sent her, together with a copy of the then current issue. A few days later another letter was received, again complaining of not having received the magazine, to which another reply was sent at once, together with another magazine. Three times, this occurred, until almost four copies of two issues had been mailed. We received a letter later, stating that but one issue had been received. We then interviewed an employee for the United States Post Office Dept. detailed to investigate the situation, in order to show our good faith in the matter.

Of the two issues that were sent to this subscriber, we have on hand at the moment almost 100 copies left, of each. Surely you cannot believe that we would jeopardize the name of our publication, merely for two copies of a publication of which we have so many left, and which can be mailed for merely the price of postage. Surely you cannot believe that a publication such as ours, which we faithfully have good reason to know is one of the finest of its kind published in America at the present time, would stoop to such low levels as you have so vividly portrayed in your article.

The best two books we have read this week, and perhaps the best two we shall read in many a long day, because they stand right out from the crowd, are "Every Mother's Son," by *Norman Lindsay* (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation) and "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," by *F. Yeats-Brown* (The Viking Press). We can recommend both these volumes without the slightest hesitation. . . .

Mrs. Josie I. Milton has come to the aid of *Miss Sylvia Satan* in replying to *Mr. Homer Parsons's* slight parody of Miss Satan's poetry in a recent *Nest*. As you all know we have printed a good deal of Sylvia Satan's poetry from time to time and have been glad to get such interesting verse. Mrs. Milton makes the following suggestions to Mr. Parsons:

Little scraps of grammar
Syntax Dee and Dum
Make our world not poetry
But Linonleum. . . .

Screw-words, tack-words, brad-words
Hooked neatly into patterns
Would make a lovely runway
For these poet-slatterns.

But angles, squares, and planes
Used with method tactical
Don't seem to go with brains
Of writers,—so impractical!

Perhaps the mist and flame
Of life so myriad-spored
Can't quite be made a game
Upon a checkerboard!

In relation to a recent volume by *Ursula Parrott*, namely, "Strangers May Kiss," we take pleasure in printing the following rhymed review that has come into our hands from *Stanley Went:*

RECIPE FOR A SEX-SELLER

The author should be young and pretty
And not be born in New York City.
The title must be short and snappy,
The story anything but happy.
The scene is laid in Greenwich Village,
Where wild oats are the fruits of tillage.
'Tis proper that the heroine
Live mainly on synthetic gin;
For gin in fairly copious doses
A well-bred girl to love disposes.
The hero of this moral tale—
A proper predatory male—
Bidding compunction go to Hades,
Is adept at seducing ladies.
The heroine, as is the fashion,
Responds with modernistic passion.
To write the rest is fairly easy,
If bedroom scenes don't make you squeasy.
The point, it seems, is simply this:
There are girls whom "Strangers May Kiss."

The title-page of the new life of *Rembrandt*, by *Hendrik van Loon* (Horace Liveright) seems to us so unusual that we wish to quote it here:

R. v. R. Being an account of the last year and the death of one Rembrandt Harmensoon van Rijn a Painter and Etcher of some Renown who lived and worked (which in his case was the same) in the Town of *Amsterdam* (which is in *Holland*) and died of Gneral Neglect and diverse other Unfortunate Circumstances on the Fourth of October of the Year of Grace 1669 (God have Mercy upon his Soul) and who was attended in his Affliction by one Joannis van Loon Doctor Medicinæ and Chirurgeon in Extraordinary to a vast number of Humble Citizens whose enduring Gratitude has erected him a Monument less perishable than Granite and more Enduring than Porphyry and who during a most Busy Life yet found time to write down these Personal Recollections of the Greatest of his Fellow-Citizens and which are now for the first time presented (Provided with as few notes, emendations and critical observations as possible) by his Great-great-grandson, nine times removed Hendrik Willem van Loon in the year of Grace 1930 and in the Town of *Veere* which is in *Zeeland* and printed by Horace Liveright in the Town of *Nieuw Amsterdam* which is in *America*. . . .

Well, it seems that the Football Season's over!

THE PHOENICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

Mr. Harry Hansen in a recent *First Reader* column in the *New York World* said of Dr. Abraham Flexner that he had "done a better job as entertainer than Bob Benchley, Corey Ford and Chic Sale have in many a day." He was referring to Dr. Flexner's brand new book, *Universities: American, English, German*,[1] which, he finished a full column review by saying, "will certainly start a round of discussion." And of course it has. Any distinguished educator who says that Chicago and Wisconsin were classed with Columbia as centers of educational quackery is bound to start some self examination and some defensive counter-charging. However, if credit for a university degree is given for wrestling and judo, the study of principles of home laundering and the problems in clothing, clog dancing and instruction in school bands, it *is* time for us to inquire into the real functions of a university. Dr. Flexner's book does that. His challenging book presents a large array of data with a penetrating analysis of present-day tendencies in higher education. It should be read not only by educators but by all parents who are honestly trying to fit their children for the problems of modern life. Don't content yourself with the newspaper stories of this book and its wild-eyed reception by defensive pedagogues. Buy it and read it yourself. It is penetrating, provocative and deliciously humorous. And it treats of the most vital problem in our American democracy.

And while on the American theme you will do well to read *The Growth of the American Republic*,[2] by Samuel Morison and Henry Steele Commager. It is the family history which we are all supposed to know (and mostly do not because we have not been able to wade through those dry-as-dust old-school history books). Here is a fresh, lively presentation of the most dramatic story of modern times.

Several newspapers, a few days ago, reminded us that the great *Oxford English Dictionary*[3] in twenty volumes was going out of print and that there were fewer than fourteen sets remaining for the lucky plutocrats who had $500 to invest in the greatest book in our language. But it is consoling to most of us to know that this great-grand-parent will not die without progeny. *The Concise Oxford Dictionary*,[4] *The Pocket Oxford Dictionary*,[5] and—newest of them all—*The Little Oxford Dictionary*[6] exist for us who want the best though we cannot pay the most. The *L. O. D.* is the Tom Thumb of the family. In fact, in his new attire (his wardrobe consists of very attractive green, blue, and red leather coats) he is fast becoming the children's favorite. Although this little book defines more than 30,000 words, it is small enough to fit into a jacket pocket. Its recent appearance (it is the newest, most up-to-date dictionary obtainable) recalled the rhyme about the lesser fleas and so *ad infinitum*.

Closely related to this dictionary family is Fowler's *Modern English Usage*,[7] and I never think of one without the other, perhaps because I keep before me on my desk the *Oxford Desk Set*,[8] which is the *Modern English Usage* and *Concise Oxford Dictionary* in a slip stand. The editors of "Voyages and Discoveries," an advertising man's bulletin, recommended that their fellows read it, saying "Among our favorite books for casual reading is Fowler's Dictionary of Modern English Usage. For one thing, it is the only dictionary we know that has a lively sense of humor." May Lamberton Becker asks "Who could be found willing to do without the spicy, snappy, downright Dictionary of Modern English Usage once having had this invaluable work in his hand?"

The neatest, cleverest handling of words that has come to our notice we discovered in *Channel Soundings*, the periodic broadcast of new books published by the charming managers of the Channel Book Shop, whose stock of books, incidentally, is the best balanced we know anything about. We offer the paragraph here as a reward to you for having read through our column. ". . . . We refer to *Numerous Names Nimbly Narrated*.[9] Oh! the pictures! And, oh, the words! The book will endear the alphabet to you, for it is Absolute Blatherskite Charmingly Done Easily Furnishing Great Hilarity—Indeed Just Killing. Let Many Not Overlook Paying Quite Roundly Solely To Usurp Volume Which Xcites Your Zest."

—THE OXONIAN!

(1) $3.50 (2) $6.00. (3) Full Levant $1,500.; Half Morocco, 10 full vols, $550., 20 half vols. $575.; Quarter Persian, 20 half vols, $500. Descriptive circular on request. (4) $3.50. (5) $2.00. (6) $.75 in cloth; $2.50 in red, blue, or green leather, boxed. (7) $3.25. (8) $10.00 in blue cloth. (9) $2.50. Send for list of new Oxford books.

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The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review.*

J. R. B., Corsicana, Texas, asks for advice on making a program of club study.

FROM now on, whenever I get calls for program advice in general, not for documentation on particular subjects, I shall joyfully transfer the responsibility to a little pamphlet just published by the American Library Association, Chicago, "Helps for Club Program Makers," compiled by Elizabeth Gillette Henry of the Seattle Public Library. I do so not because it lists some of my own contributions to literature, but because it attacks its hard subject from every direction and breaks through its resistance at every point; the most inexperienced committee can use it and the most experienced will appreciate it. It names books and magazine articles on the subject in general and on 167 special subjects of every sort, suitable for club study and discussion.

I have just been reading two books, as different as possible, that seem to me especially worth bringing to the attention of discussion clubs such as ask me about nonfiction. The first is "Some Folks Won't Work," by Clinch Calkins (Harcourt, Brace), a book that will shake the complacency of the secure who think they know so much about the precarious—in short, a simple, hand-to-hand study of unemployment in America in general, for the survey on which it is based was made in a fairly prosperous era. This survey was made by the National Federation of Settlements, and is here used for family histories and individual reports, without heroics or theorizing. The second book I suggest to study clubs interested in the Orient, who will find in Miriam Beard's "Realism in Romantic Japan" (Macmillan) the sort of balanced report one might expect from such a title, together with any amount of information on every phase of life in Japan, much of which will be new to many American readers. It is one of the books that make for mutual understanding; the author is the daughter of Charles A. and Mary R. Beard, and because of her father's work there both before and after the earthquake had unusual opportunities of meeting important people and coming close to their ideals and characteristics.

B. B. B., Huaneme, California, asks if there is a book on the chemistry of cooking, the whys and wherefores told simply, within the understanding of the ordinary person. Also what has been published of the work of Keith Preston, whom she knows only as a beloved column conductor.

ONE of the recent publications of Whittlesey House, the new department of the McGraw-Hill Book Company, is "Chemistry and Cookery," by Annie Louise Macleod, Ph.D., Dean of the College of Home Economics, Syracuse University, and Edith H. Nason, Ph.D., Professor of Foods, Syracuse University; this is the book here needed.

The first selection of Keith Preston's work to appear in book form was, so far as I know, a volume of delightful newspaper verse called "Splinters" (Doran), poems many of us may have found floating and would be glad to get in this way. "Types of Pan" (Houghton Mifflin) and "Top o' the Column" (Covici) came afterward; he edited "Column Poets," published by Covici in 1924. "Pot Shots from Pegasus" (Covici) has an appreciative introduction by Christopher Morley; it contains both verse and prose, and would make a good beginning for a complete collection. He was the "top of the column" of the Chicago *Daily News*, and his early death—he was forty-two and looked much younger—was a loss to the humanities.

O. O., Oxford, Ohio, sends information about the translation of Keller's "Leute von Sydwyla," by M. D. Hottinger, published by Dutton in 1928, "People of Seldwyla and Seven Legends"—I love to see how this book has been slipping out of this department to trickle through the correspondence column over the page—and adds:

S. Weir Mitchell's "Constance Trescot" (1905) should not be omitted from the list of novels based on revenge. Mrs. Burr, Mitchell's biographer, writes, "The theme is presented with an intensity his work as a whole lacks; the morbid revenge is told with due meed of nervous horror, and the heroine was a type none knew better than he." Mitchell considered Constance Trescot his best characterization. Did Mrs. Wharton's "Summer" ever get on the list of books about librarians? The heroine was not a trained librarian, but she did work in a library.

"A ROMAN Subscriber" in Badia Prataglia, Provincia di Arezzo, Italy, comes to the aid of the inquirer who needed something to review his Italian "beyond Goldoni and this side of Dante": "I would suggest the four odd volumes of Ugo Ojetti's 'Cose Vista,' published in English as 'Things I Have Seen,' the collection of his various articles in the *Corriere della Sera*, on all kinds of contemporary topics, places, and people. They are amusing, witty, and delightful prose. His novel, 'Mio Figlio Ferroviere,' a satire of the Socialist domination of 1920-1927, is also very good. I shall probably be corrected, but nearly all modern Italian fiction is monotonously dull, and the most interesting books are on historical or archæological matters. Pier Desiderio Pasolini's 'Caterina Sforza,' still available in the shorter edition, and his 'Ravenna' are both fascinating books; so is Corrado Ricci's 'Beatrice Cenci.' Nearly all of the late Pompeo Molmenti's writings about Venice are interesting, and there is a growing collection of books and monographs on Roman things which are very well written. Antonio Hunoz's two volumes on 'Roma Barocca' and 'Roma di Dante' are expensive, but so lavishly and beautifully illustrated that they are well worth the price. For a variety of reasons, the average intelligent Italian reads less, and buys fewer books, than his contemporary elsewhere. It does not mean that he is less intellectual, but he acquires his knowledge quite as much through sight and hearing as through reading. This means that literature is not well supported, and publishing seldom remunerative, and is perhaps the reason why some of the very best Italian writing is in the newspapers. The third page of the *Corriere della Sera* nearly always has a good article on general topics (most of Ojetti's appear there, and many other modern writers) and the editorials of this and of the *Roman Tribune* are well written.

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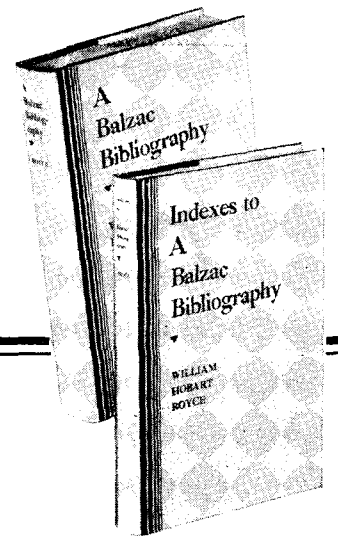

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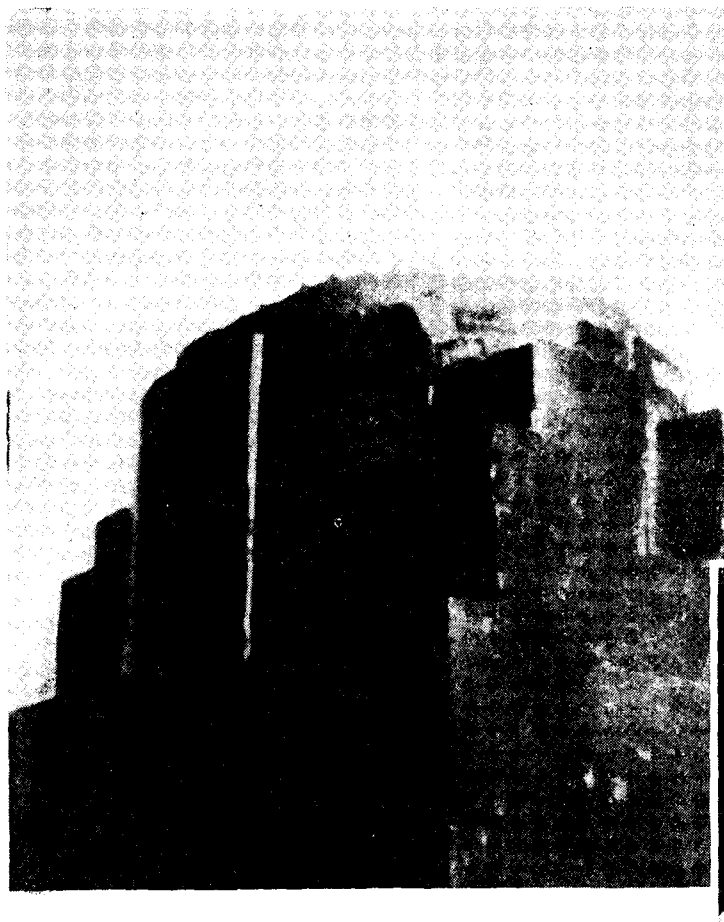

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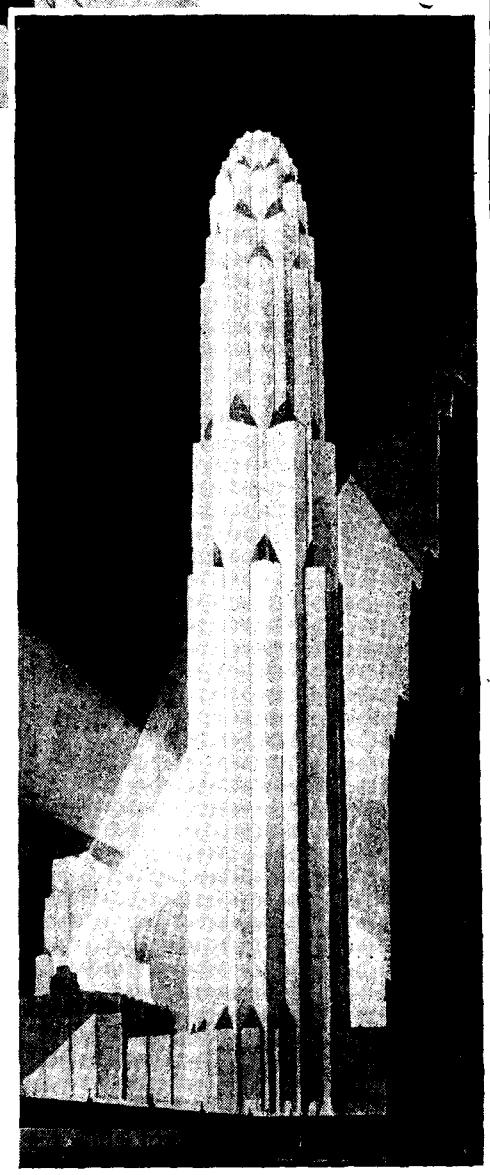

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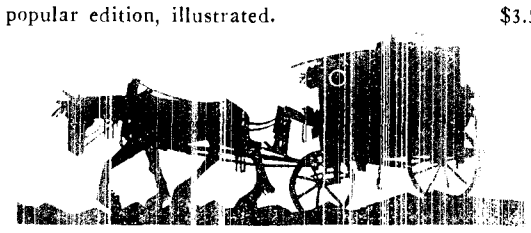

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